

THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY

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STAGE VI

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PREFACE

THE outbreak of the Great War in 1914 and the first stupendous events of the colossal conflict impressed many educators with the fact that the "period" of history which ought to conclude a primary school course is that which covers the times immediately preceding the present day. This is, for practical purposes of citizenship, the period with which the pupil is going to have most to do, and a knowledge of which is going to help him to make up his mind in a few short years on matters of the greatest personal and national importance.

The question which faced the nation in the beginning of August 1914 was simply this: "Shall we or shall we not make good our promise to Belgium?" To the eternal credit of the Empire the answer was, "We will." But I cannot help feeling, as an educationist, that at the time and for a good long time afterwards the nation as a whole was not very clear as to what had been our exact engagements in the matter of Belgian neutrality; and that the new

generation which responded so nobly to the call to arms had a very legitimate cause of complaint against their educators in that their school history had made so little of matters in which the very life-blood of the nation was to be so suddenly concerned.

It is possible that the last history most of these noble boys had "done" was some purely insular account of the Crimean War, or it may be some academic discussion on the dissolution of the monasteries. If any European affairs had been discussed, interest of a real living character would have been most successfully quenched by their presentation in a manner quite detached from that European life which Britain lives in common with the other great nations of the Continent; a life, too, in which the whole of our Empire, as well as the United States, has an intimate concern. It is to be hoped that one of the most important lessons of the Great War which we shall take to heart is that we are not only a continental but a cosmopolitan nation.

As an educationist I have pleaded for some years for a less insular, political, and parochial view of our history; and in two little books, entitled respectively *Men and Movements in European History* and *Britain as Part of Europe*, I tried some time ago to supply such reading material for boys and girls in their early teens as seemed to me to be suitable for extend-

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ing their historical horizon. I confess that the readers of these two books would have been "stumped" in August 1914 on the question of Belgian neutrality, but they would at least know something of how matters stood in 1870 between France and Germany, and how Napoleon had shorn "the Emperor" of most of his historic glory. They would know that Napoleon in his time had aspired to be "Kaiser der Welt" and what had happened to him when he joined issue with Britain. And as they watched the progress of the dramatic events of 1914 and onward, they would be able to say, "What an entire lack of new ideas there is in the actions of Germany. Almost every move was tried by Napoleon." Possibly the knowledge would have cheered, or at least have steadied, many a breakfast-table in those anxious days.

As this book is intended to form a historical reader rather than a manual to be used for examination purposes, I have inserted here and there a few interesting extracts from the works of historians and others, and conclude with a historic "appreciation" of France from the pen of an English writer of to-day. The story of the Great War is matter for another time, but it lies behind each chapter of this book.

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INTRODUCTION

I HAD made up my mind to try to tell in this book, in outline at least, the great story of the hundred years between the time of Napoleon and that of Kaiser William II. of Germany, when I saw something in the streets of London which linked together in a striking and dramatic manner the beginning and the end of my tale.

It was merely a company of recruits whistling "The Marseillaise." They were swinging along with bright faces, heads erect, shoulders squared, arms swinging, and feet keeping perfect time to the most famous march in history. I doubt whether those merry boys knew the words of the martial song, the tune of which seemed to make them move as if they trod on air, but that did not spoil the music.

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And strange to say, these young soldiers of Britain were whistling the air of a song of liberty which was first sung by their "ancient enemy," France, by the side of whose soldiers they were now so eagerly training themselves to fight. For it was a cold, grey morning in November of the year 1914, and the Great War was only three months old.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandmothers hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
O all hateful tyrants, mischief breeding
With firing hosts a ruth in hand,
Avenge and desolate the land,
Where peace and liberty lie bleeding!

Les armées se battent, se battent!
Les armées se battent, battent!

SIXTH STAGE

make "songs without words," for he uses the only universal language.

Now what was this "Marseillaise" which rang so often in our ears during all that ~~strenuous time~~? It is a poor reply to say that it was the "~~Song of the~~ Men of Marseilles." Marseilles? I had read only that morning of Indian troops landing at Marseilles, under British officers, and being received with acclamation by the French people whom they had come to help in their time of need. Surely this French port, which our geography books tell us curtly is a place of call for Eastern-bound liners, has a great place in history! Let us see what it had to do with that marching song.

It was during the time of the French Revolution, when the people of France rose in anger against their rulers, and, in their eagerness to set things right for liberty, succeeded, as we shall see later, in setting up tyrants more cruel than those whom they had overthrown. We shall see how the leaders of the Revolution in Paris fell out among themselves and into what a sad state of turmoil and misgovernment the land of France was plunged. It was to protest against whatever new tyrant might now be in power in Paris that the chief men of Marseilles got together "Six hundred Marseillaise who know how to die," assembled them near the Town Hall on a morning

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of July in the year 1792 and gave them the order, "*Marchez, abaissez le Tyran*"—"March on! Strike down the Tyrant!"

One of our writers, Thomas Carlyle, has told of that famous march, and I give you here a portion of his stirring description of it, because there is so much in it which applies to the march of our British boys of which I have spoken. Think of them as well as of the French Revolutionists as you read these words:

"Long journey, doubtful errand; *Enfans de la Patrie*, may a good genius guide you! Their own wild heart and what faith it has will guide them: and is not that the monition of some genius, better or worse? Five hundred and seventeen able men, with Captains of fifties and tens; well armed all, musket on shoulder, sabre on thigh: nay they drive three pieces of cannon; for who knows what obstacles may occur? Municipalities there are, paralysed by War Minister; Commandants with orders to stop even Federation Volunteers: good, when sound arguments will not open a Towngate, if you have a petard to shiver it!

"They have left their sunny Phocæan City and Seahaven, with its bustle and its bloom: the thronging *Course*, with high-frondent Avenues, pitchy dockyards, almond and olive groves, orange trees on house-tops, and white glittering *bastides* that



ROUGE ET L'ISLE SINGING THE MARSHALLS' ANSE

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crown the hills, are all behind them. They wend on their way, from the extremity of French land, through unknown cities, toward an unknown destiny; with a purpose that they know.

"Much wondering at this phenomenon, and how, in a peaceable trading City, so many householders or hearthholders do severally fling down their crafts and industrial tools; gird themselves with weapons of war, and set out on a journey of six hundred miles, to 'strike down the tyrant'; you search in all Historical Books, Pamphlets, and Newspapers, for some light on it: unhappily without effect.

* * * * *

"As it is, these Marseillaise remain inarticulate, undistinguishable in feature; a black-browed Mass, full of grim fire, who wend there, in the hot, sultry weather: very singular to contemplate. They wend; amid the infinitude of doubt and dim peril; they not doubtful: Fate and Feudal Europe, having decided, come girdling in from without; they, having also decided, do march within.

"Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onwards; unwearable, not to be turned aside. Such march will become famous. The Thought, which works voiceless in this black-browed mass, an inspired Tyrtaean Colonel, Rouget de l'Isle,¹ whom

¹ A young officer of the French Republic who, at this time, was stationed

the Earth still holds, has translated into grim melody and rhythm; into his *Hymn* or *March of the Marseillaise*: luckiest musical composition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot, and Devil."

Now perhaps you will see how truly appropriate was the merry whistling music of those British boys. Their country had given them the old call, to which they had so nobly and unselfishly responded, "March on! Strike down the Tyrant." Times had changed. Old foes had become friends, old friends had become foes, but the sacred cause was still the same. The fight was for liberty against tyranny as it had been of old, and, after all, no more appropriate march *could* have been chosen than that whistled "Song of the Marseillaise" who "knew how to die."

at Strasburg, and who, having some talent for versification and musical composition, was challenged by his friends to produce something suitable for the troops to sing on the march. A little later he met these friends again, as shown in the picture on page 15, or, is said to have done so, and sang over the song which he had composed, with the help of a friend and had then set to music without assistance. The "Chant de l'armée du Rhin," as it was first known, passed quickly to the chief cities in France, and it was because it was sung for the first time in Paris by the men of whom Carlyle tells that it gained the name of "La Marseillaise." It was forbidden when France again became a kingdom and then an Empire, but revived once more during the time of the Franco-German War of 1870.

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As I came away the lines of another poet hummed
in my ears, for they seemed to express so well a little
of the feeling of the stirring time :

His song of dawn outsoars the joyful bird,
Swift on the weary road his foot-fall comes ;
The dusty air that by his stride is stirred,
Beats with the buoyant march of fairy drum
Awake, O earth, thine ancient slumber break !
To the new day, O slumberous earth, awake !
Yet long ago that merry march began,
His feet are older than the path they tread.
His music is the morning song of man ;
His stride the stride of all the valiant dead.
His youngest hopes are memories, and his eyes,
Deep with the old, old dream that never dies.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE French Revolution stands at the beginning of
the history of modern Europe, of which Britain, in
spite of the "sundering sea," forms an integral part.
We cannot understand the history of our own country
during the nineteenth century without trying to
understand to some extent what was going on in the
rest of Europe ; nor can we understand the national
and international movements of the nations on the
Continent without taking account of Britain's share
in them.

The story of our fight with George Washington and of the beginning of the United States has a close connection with France and her great Revolution ; for the thinkers and authors and orators of France who wished to see their country set free from the tyranny of the Court and nobility at once pointed to America as a shining example of what could be accomplished by determined men in the fight for freedom. For generations the thrifty, hard-working peasantry and more or less prosperous middle classes of France had been heavily burdened with taxes in order to maintain a splendid Court and a no less splendid nobility ; and they had no assembly, like the British Parliament, in which they could insist upon their rights each time that they parted with their money.

The discontent in the country had been evident for a long time, and wise men saw many indications that it would one day make itself felt with the power of an earthquake. A statesman told King Louis XV. that he was living on the edge of a volcano, and he replied in effect that he knew it, but that he thought the eruption would not come during his time. He passed away and was followed by Louis XVI., during the first part of whose reign serious efforts were made to set things right. But this King was as little able to deal with the situation as he would have

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been able to check a volcanic eruption. In many ways he meant well and meant to do well, but he really does not count for much in the history of France or of the world. Affairs had reached such a state that there was bound to be a more or less violent attempt to set them right. "The only man," said a witty Frenchman, "who could have averted the French Revolution was Adam, and even he could only have stopped it by killing himself at the beginning of his career."

The date of the commencement of the Revolution was 1789, when King George III. had been some twenty-nine years on the throne of Britain. Of the other rulers on the Continent at this time we must make particular note of one, who was known as "*the Emperor*," and ruled over a curious conglomeration of states in Middle Europe, known as the Holy Roman Empire with its capital at Vienna. This was the Kaiser or Caesar or would-be world-Emperor of his time, and his empire dated from the days of Charlemagne, that is, roughly, from the time of our King Alfred the Great. It had really been a world-empire at one or two periods of history, but was now sharing the final fate of all world-empires, namely, decay and disintegration. Another witty French writer said that it was neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire, and at the time of which I write its subjects were loosely

known as the Austrians. We shall see, in a later chapter, what Napoleon Bonaparte did with it.

We must also pay particular attention to the kingdom of Prussia, which lay along the southern shores of the Baltic and was under the government of King Frederick William II. Here was a state as vigorous as "the Empire" was weak, and one which was going to play a great part in European history. There was no "Germany" in those days as we now understand Germany, though there were several German states in Middle Europe which were beginning to look away from Vienna to the north, where the Prussian kings had set up a capital named Berlin, which had not many years before been in the hands first of the Austrians and then of the Russians. The latter were at this time under the rule of Catherine II., who had been a German princess, but had made herself by sheer force of will a patriotic Russian, and was determined to advance her adopted country in every possible way.

You may wonder what all these sovereigns had to do with the internal affairs of France, but, as you will see before long, they soon counted for a great deal in the history of that country; for you cannot have a volcanic eruption without affecting places outside the volcanic cone itself!

In the month of May 1789, King Louis XVI. called



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.

From the painting by Madame de M... ..

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may be the day of a new age of freedom during which France would adopt the methods of government which were being perfected in this country of most such. It was to be a long the excitement would be done. The present convulsions in France," said William Pitt the great statesman, "must sooner or later culminate in a general harmony and regular order. What for own freedom is established France will stand forth as one of the most brilliant powers of Europe." Even this statesman could not foresee the tremendous upheaval which was to follow from the events of the day on which "nothing" happened.

The taking of the Bastille was followed by rebellion in various parts of the country and the burning of some of the castles of the aristocracy, which contained the records of serfdom by which many of the workers on the lordly estates were held in actual personal bondage. In many cases the masters of the castles and the abbots of monasteries were cruelly murdered. The nobles in Paris grew frightened, and the King's party set about reforms which were to convert France into a "limited monarchy," similar to that of England. The sovereign was to be no longer "King of France," which implied that he owned the country, but "King of the French" or people's King, while the power of making or unmaking laws

was to pass into the hands of a properly elected Parliament. (Such a thing did not exist in Britain at the time—but that is by the way.) There were to be no more nobles, but all citizens were to be equal before the law. Meanwhile, there was great distress throughout the country owing to bad harvests, and riots broke out in Paris among the starving mob. A great company marched out to Versailles and brought back to the city a huge quantity of grain taken from the royal stores, as well as the King, Queen, and Dauphin. "We shall not die of hunger now," they cried, "for we have got the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy." This event was called the "Joyous Entry," and from that day the splendid palace of Versailles has never been occupied by a French royal family.

After this event the aristocrats began to leave the country, and this brings us to the time when the surrounding nations began to have a share in what was destined to be not only a French but a European upheaval. But before we trace the progress of the Revolution, let us see what a great English statesman, author and orator, Edmund Burke, had to say about what was taking place in France at this time.

LOUIS OF FRANCE AND HIS QUEEN

HISTORY will record that on the morning of 6th October 1789 the King and Queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite, and troubled, melancholy repose. From this sleep the queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried to her to save herself by flight—that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give—that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed, from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband, not secure of his own life for a moment.

This king, to say no more of him, and this queen, and their infant children (who once would have been the pride and hope of a great and generous people), were then forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they

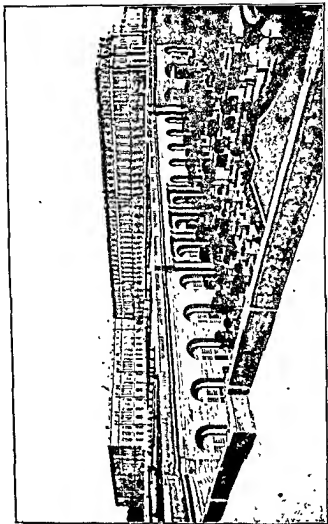


Photo H. T. Marshall, 1914

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

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left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewn with scattered limbs and mutilated carcasses. Thence they were conducted into the capital of their kingdom. Two had been selected from the unprovoked, unresisted, promiscuous slaughter which was made of the gentlemen of birth and family who composed the king's bodyguard. These two gentlemen, with all the parade of an execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block, and beheaded in the great court of the palace. Their heads were stuck upon spears, and led the procession, whilst the royal captives who followed in the train were slowly moved along, amidst the horrid yells and shrilling screams, and all the unutterable abominations of the furies of hell, in the abused shape of the vilest of women. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death, in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard, composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces of Paris, now converted into a bastille for kings.

* * *

I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the Queen of France has borne that day (one is interested that

beings made for suffering should suffer well), and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety and her courage.¹

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers.

¹ Maria Theresa of Austria, who fought Frederick the Great of Prussia for Silesia, and is shown in our frontispiece appealing to the Hungarian nobles to support her little son and maintain the integrity of her dominions. She was the wife of the Emperor, and was also Queen of Hungary in her own right. (See page 221.)

advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonised the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation,

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I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that ennobling sense of the duty which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched.

The mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss, I fear, will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its

advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

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are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion

From *'Reflections on the French Revolution.'*

FRANCE AGAINST THE WORLD

WHILE these events were taking place in France, the rulers of the surrounding countries were beginning to grow very uneasy, and King Louis seems to have felt that he might rely upon them for aid against his own angry people. Plans were therefore made for the escape of the royal family, and they actually succeeded in reaching Varennes on the north-eastern frontier, but here they were stopped and brought back to the capital, and all felt that the King and Queen were now practically prisoners in the hands of the Government at Paris. "Whoever applauds the King shall be flogged," was the stern order.

Meanwhile Austria, Prussia, and Spain were preparing to send armies into France to restore King Louis to his former position in his kingdom. This threat caused a change in the French Government, and the men who now came into power turned the tables by declaring war on Austria, the ruler of which, the Emperor Francis II., was a nephew of

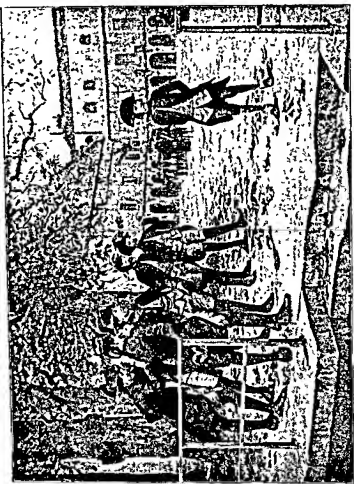
The allied forces moved the Queen of France westward, and their commander sent a message to Paris threatening to hang every man as a traitor who dared to oppose his rightful sovereign. This German message to the French capital caused an attack upon the royal palace and the massacre of the devoted Swiss Guards, while the royal family took refuge with the National Assembly. In a few weeks the allied forces had crossed the French frontier and occupied Longwy and Verdun.

In September of the year 1792 the National Assembly declared France a republic, and the 22nd of this month was to be considered as New Year's Day of the "Year One." France was evidently determined to make an entirely new beginning. Titles of honour and even of respect were forbidden, and men and women were to be addressed as "citizens" and "citizenesses." The Assembly next considered the outside danger threatening the new Republic. "Let us throw the allies," cried one of the most ferocious leaders, "the head of a king." Then "Louis Capet" was condemned to death and was beheaded in January of the year 1793. One hundred and forty-four years before, in this same dark winter month, England had brought *her* king to the block; but in this country the execution of King Louis XVI. aroused fierce anger and bitter

resentment which led before long to a declaration of war.

England and Holland joined with Spain, Austria, and Prussia against France, and the rulers in Paris, who were now falling out among themselves, were soon in a state of great consternation, for they could not rally a united nation against this formidable circle of angry foes. The dead King had friends in the north-west and in the west, and the peasants of Brittany began a kind of guerilla warfare against the soldiers of the Republic. In Paris the extreme party known as the Mountain, because they sat on the highest benches of the hall of the Assembly, gained supreme power and what is known as the Reign of Terror began. Lyons and Toulon rose against the Mountain. An army was sent against them with a guillotine on wheels. Thousands of people were put to death without mercy, and Marat, the leader of the extremists, gloated over the work of destruction. But a young girl from Normandy named Charlotte Corday succeeded in gaining an entrance to his house and stabbed him to death, meeting her own subsequent end with the calmest courage.

The fury of the extremists increased tenfold. "To be safe his madness," we



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, AS A YOUNG MAN

From the painting by M. Reuber-Dumas.

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General Barras to defend the Tuileries, and he in his turn entrusted the protection of the palace to a young artillery officer, named Napoleon Bonaparte, who had distinguished himself in the fighting at Toulon. He did his work so well that the attacking force fled in confusion.

The Republic now mustered three armies to march by different routes to Vienna, and Napoleon Bonaparte was placed in command of the force which was to move against the Austrians in Northern Italy. It numbered only about 38,000 men and they were tired and disheartened, but the new leader stirred them to action in a way which was all his own. "Soldiers," he said, "you are poorly fed and almost naked. The Government owes you much but can do nothing. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plain in the world where great cities and prosperous provinces await you. There you will find honour, glory, riches. Soldiers of the army of Italy, will you lack courage for the enterprise?"

Filled with fresh spirit by his words, the men followed this new leader along the old Roman road, by the Mediterranean shore, into Italy. In a series of brilliant attacks they beat back the Austrians and their allies of North Italy,¹ and in a few weeks

¹ There was at this time no Italy as we now understand it, but the

entered Milan, the capital of Lombardy, in triumph. Verona and Mantua also surrendered to the victorious French general, who struck heavily and quickly at these places and then set out on the march to Vienna. But the Austrians were now inclined to come to terms; and while these were being discussed Napoleon sent a force to occupy the ancient free city of Venice, where a rising had broken out against the French. The conqueror was now only twenty-seven.

In 1797 the war with Austria came to an end. A republic of Northern Italy was set up under the protection of the French, and Belgium became part of France. These were the definite results of the first real campaign. The revolutionary armies and Bonaparte settled down to enjoy a rest of a few months. But the successes of the young leader had filled him with hopes of winning even greater distinction, and while waiting for the next outbreak of war, which he saw very clearly was bound to come before long, he planned an expedition which had a great deal to do with our own history.

Meanwhile our fleets had not been idle, and they never had sterner work to do. Before peace was made with Austria, Spain had joined France, hoping

peninsula with its adjacent islands was divided into a number of separate states, that of the Piedmontese or Sardinians being in alliance with Austria.

THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY

to pay off old scores against England; and now that Austria had made terms with the foe we were left alone to face France, Holland, and Spain, whose fleets far outnumbered our own. For the next three years the safety of England depended upon the power of her admirals to keep these hostile fleets apart, and six of our naval squadrons were always at sea facing the great ports of the enemy, namely the Texel, Brest, Ferrol, Cadiz, Catagena, and Toulon. The war had suddenly changed from a contest of France against the rest of Europe to a fight between Britain and the world.

We were indeed in great straits, especially in that "Black Year" of 1797, a description of which from the pen of a well-known statesman will form our next chapter.

THE BLACK YEAR¹

THE year 1797, which opened so brilliantly, was destined to be the darkest and most desperate that any British minister has ever had to face. In April, Austria, England's last ally, laid down her arms and concluded a preliminary treaty of peace at Leoben (April 7, 1797). France was now free to

¹ From Chapter viii. of Lord Rowley's *Ann.*, by kind permission

turn her victorious armies and her inexhaustible resources to the destruction of England ; and she was determined to do so.

At this moment Great Britain was paralysed. The navy, that had just given fresh courage to the nation, was now to deal a blow which struck at the heart and stopped the circulation of the Empire. In the middle of April, the crews of the Channel Fleet at Portsmouth rose in rebellion, dismissed their officers, and hoisted the red flag. Their grievances were great, their demands were moderate ; and these had to be conceded with a full amnesty. By the end of April the mutiny was over. At the beginning of May, however, it broke out again and spread to Sheerness. Here it assumed a graver aspect, and bore all the marks of being inspired by revolutionary agencies outside. There was, indeed, no sympathy between the two movements. The sailors at Spithead sent word to the sailors at Sheerness that their conduct was a " scandal to the name of British seamen." Nevertheless, the Government was as much disabled by the one as the other. The fleet with which Duncan was blockading the coast of Holland joined the rebels, with the exception of two ships. With these the Admiral kept signalling as if to the rest of his squadron : a mild stratagem, on which, how-



land our great foe was everywhere triumphant. We were entirely on the defensive. Two invasions of our islands had been attempted. A third was impending; it might at any moment take place, and could scarcely be opposed.

The war had lasted over four years; and had added a hundred and thirty-five millions to the National Debt, or about as much as the whole cost of the American war, for scarce any corresponding advantage. The Funds had fallen to a lower point than in the worst depression of the American war. In December 1796 it had been necessary to propose a further loan of eighteen millions, and three millions and a half of new taxes. The loan, though issued at a price which produced $5\frac{1}{8}$ per cent, was at $15\frac{1}{2}$ discount in March 1797. There had been an unexampled run on the Bank of England. Cash payments had just been suspended. There was a terrible dearth. Not merely were the ports thrown open to foreign corn, but large bounties were paid on its importation. The last of our allies had just made her peace with France; and we were left to continue the contest alone. Our own efforts to come to terms had been so received as to make all hope of truce indefinitely remote. The worst of all wars was raging in Ireland. Scotland, though not harried into open rebellion, was scarcely less

discontented. England was maddened by crimps and press-gangs and unprecedented taxation. Pitt was grossly insulted in the streets; he had to be brought back from St. Paul's under an armed guard. And at this juncture our one efficient arm, to which alone the nation could look for solace and even protection, was paralysed by insubordination: the flag of lawlessness had been hoisted; and the guns of the navy were pointed at British shores. But the spirit of the minister was not shaken, though his health had begun definitely to fail. At the height of the crisis, Lord Spencer came to him for instructions so pressing—(for it was said that the marines had joined the revolt and were about to march on London)—that he awoke Pitt in bed. He received them and left; but in a short time he received a contradiction, and returned. He found the minister already asleep.

This crisis has been dwelt on at perhaps disproportionate length, because it represents not merely the darkest period of the war, but the dauntless spirit which faced it, and which enabled this country, in spite of incapacity and blunders and debt, in face of the hostility of a surpassing genius and of a world in arms, finally to surmount its difficulties. And we are thus able to understand why Pitt, with all his share of miscalculation and

disaster, remained long after his death the embodiment and watchword of British determination.

Once more this year did he make overtures for peace. "I feel it my duty," he repeated to Grenville, who urged that the French minister was treating him with scant courtesy, "as an English minister and a Christian, to use every effort to stop so bloody and wasting a war." Grenville formally dissented. But Pitt persisted, in spite of the disapproval of his Foreign Secretary and the anguish of the King. He sent Lord Malmesbury, whose instructions Grenville had the irksome task of drawing up, to the town of Lille, which had been fixed for the meeting of the plenipotentiaries. These, however, had their eyes fixed on Paris, where a struggle was impending between the extreme and the moderate factions; on the issue of which, and on nothing else—for Pitt was ready for the most considerable concessions—peace really depended. On the 4th of September 1797 the party of extremes and of war gained the upper hand, and on the 18th of September Malmesbury was again ordered to leave the soil of France.

During the next month (October 1797), the eclipse of the Navy was proved to be only temporary. In a bloody and obstinate battle off Camperdown the Dutch fleet, once so famous and so formidable,



"Soldiers," he cried, "from the summits of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." The battle began and the brave Mameluke cavalry dashed themselves in vain against the French squares. Again and again they were driven back, and when the fight was over, Cairo and the whole of Lower Egypt was at the mercy of Napoleon.

Meanwhile Nelson had followed up the French fleet and had engaged it in Aboukir Bay off Alexandria. In this "Battle of the Nile" he utterly annihilated the French fleet, and, what was even better, at this early stage in the stern struggle with Napoleon he shattered the growing belief in the invincibility of the French leader. For when a general becomes a bogey to his foe half his victory is won before the battle is joined; and when, on the other hand, he is proved to be vulnerable, he can be attacked again with a stout heart. This is what is meant by the "moral effect" of a victory, and it is often more important than the capture of men and guns or indiscriminate slaughter of huge masses of the enemy.

"This reverse," Napoleon is reported to have said when he heard the news, "will compel us to do even greater things than we had planned." If he ever spoke these words they increase our respect for him, for he was in great straits, cut off as he was



Photo. Veuillot.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL, ABOUT THE TIME
OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

From the portrait by Isabey at Versailles.

from his own country. Leaving a force to hold Egypt, he marched into Syria and captured the strong fortress of Jaffa. But at Acre he was checked by the Turks helped by a British force under Sir Sidney Smith (the Smith family have always done well in forging links of Empire!), and was obliged to return to Egypt. A little later he left that country and returned secretly to France without his army, found that the Directory had no longer any real power in the country, and got himself made First Consul for ten years. He was now the actual ruler of France, *and he ruled well, under the circumstances.*

We must never forget this, for France herself has not forgotten it. "In future," he said, "we shall have no parties but only Frenchmen." And when a country is facing national danger this is the only patriotic attitude, as was proved in England, in France, in Russia, in Belgium, as well as in Germany in the opening days of the Great War which began in 1914. He encouraged trade, took measures to restore his country's credit, allowed many of the exiled nobles to return to the land of their birth, and tried to ensure advancement to men of talent and resolution whatever their social status might be. "The tools belong to him who can use them," *he said.* "Every career ought to be open to talent."

As a reward for distinguished services he instituted the order of the Cross of the Legion of Honour.¹ He rearranged the educational system of France and set up a new University. He began the construction of harbours, arsenals, canals, roads, and other public works. He beautified Paris, erected churches, re-established the Christian religion which had been overthrown in the Terror, and last, but not least, caused the lawyers to compile a new set of laws—known as the Code Napoleon—guided by the principle that "every really good law must have good sense for its foundation." To-day the framework of law in France, Holland, Belgium, western Germany, Switzerland, and Italy is that of the Code Napoleon. If Napoleon had died in 1800 the world would now regard him as one of the greatest men of all time. But "Most great men cast great shadows," and the dark shadow of Napoleon was his greed for world-power and his childish love of applause and military "glory."

The year which I have named is marked by one of his most brilliant successes as a general, that of the victory of Marengo in northern Italy, achieved at the expense of the Austrians. It was to meet the foe in this quarter that he made the famous

¹ Granted yesterday to two British aviators who flew over and damaged the German Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen, as the highest honour that the French Republic could bestow.

THE TRIUMPH TO HISTORY

Passing in the day by the Great St. Bernard with
no more than a narrow track, crossing a rocky snow-
covered mountain that rose ten high and sweep-
ing down like an avalanche upon the plains of Italy.
The battle of Marignano was surely contested, but
ended in a complete victory for the First Consul.
Napoleon entered into Germany, and in December
waged a battle in a blinding snowstorm at Hohen-
linden near Munich, gaining a victory which com-
pelled the Emperor to sue for peace in order to
save Vienna.

On January when the sun was low
At Hohenlinden by the mountain snow;
And dark as winter was the day
Of her rolling victory.

But London saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding tens of death to battle
The darkness of her army.

Then shook the hills with thunder men,
Then rushed the steel to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

After this furious fight terms were made with
Napoleon to the advantage of France, which gained
as a frontier, the great desire of all
Frenchmen, then and now. Meanwhile,



THE CAPTURE OF ZURICH BY NAPOLEON

however, Britain was busy on the sea. Malta had been retaken, Nelson had fought and won the Battle of Copenhagen, and so had broken up the "armed neutrality" of Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, which had threatened the trade by which the "island enemy" of Napoleon existed. Then the French were driven out of Egypt and shortly afterwards peace was made at Amiens; but, as we shall see, it was a mere truce between the two chief combatants in the great struggle to which Europe was now committed, and which the wisest men saw clearly must be fought to a decisive finish.

A few months later Napoleon was chosen First Consul for life, and was given the right of naming his successor. He was now practically king of the country, and in some ways had more power than Louis XVI. had ever wielded. France was now foremost on the Continent. Her home territory extended from the Pyrenees to the Rhine. She had control of the Swiss and North Italian republics, and Napoleon had also great and growing influence in Germany. It is not surprising that he began to dream of world-empire, and that Britain should withstand him as she had withstood the Spanish world-conquerors in the time of the Armada and the "Grand Monarque," Louis XIV., rather more than a century later.

The First Consul used the peace time to perfect his plans for the invasion of England, the "great adventure" which has attracted so many men who thirst for "glory." He assembled 120,000 of his veterans and set every dockyard in France and Holland to work to build men-of-war. He also constructed large numbers of boats with flat bottoms so that they could be run upon our shores under cover of the guns of the fleet. He was determined to make the great attempt, and hoped for a fog which would cover his crossing or a gale which might drive away the watching British squadron. His troops were carefully trained to embark on the flat-bottomed boats with great speed and in good order; and it was his oft-repeated boast that the whole army could embark in France and disembark in England within forty-eight hours. Meanwhile his preparations had the effect of mustering British volunteers to meet the threatened attack; and ill-trained as they were, they would doubtless have given a good account of themselves if the French had ever succeeded in landing on the shores of Kent or Sussex.

NELSON'S WEARY WAITING

THE war between France and England was resumed in 1803, and it lasted for eleven years. In the first two years of the struggle the chief centre of interest lies in the efforts of Nelson to circumvent Napoleon on the sea, which ended in the great victory of Trafalgar. While these naval movements were taking place, Napoleon was elected Emperor of the French and duly crowned, with his own hands, in the ancient cathedral of Notre Dame. But even yet he had not satisfied his greed for power and love of display, and we shall see later how he appealed to the imagination of those who knew something of European history by assuming a still prouder title.

A well-known writer ¹ on naval matters is of the opinion that Nelson considered Napoleon's threat of invading England was a mere blind designed to draw the attention of the British from his real object, namely, that of gaining command of the Mediterranean. Such control would enable him to ruin our great trade with the East, and to cripple our power in other directions. However that may be, Nelson set out for the Mediterranean as soon as he was given naval command in 1803. He arrived at Gibraltar in the beginning of June and made

¹ Captain Mahan in his *Life of Nelson*.

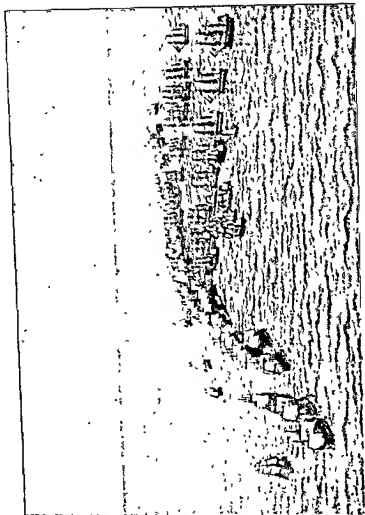


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ARCADE OF THE PALACE OF TRAIAGAR

arrangements for holding the entrance to the Mediterranean. Then, without loss of time, he went on to Malta, where he made further arrangements for checking the designs of the French to gain control of southern Italy and the island of Sicily. He considered Malta the best position "for watching the French in Toulon and as a most important outwork to India"; and he regarded the destruction of the French fleet at Toulon as the chief part of his work. "My first object must ever be," he writes, "to keep the French fleet in check; and if they put to sea to have force enough with me to annihilate them."

The difficulties of the great sailor were almost overwhelming at this time. The ships were badly equipped and insufficiently manned. Winter was coming on, and his fleet was in a region which is visited by storms of great violence. Yet he declares, "I have made up my mind never to go into port till after the battle, if they make me wait a year." So the British ships cruised about, always on the watch, while provisions, water, and all other necessary supplies were brought to them and transferred either in the open sea or in some quiet roadstead.

Every opportunity was given to the Toulon fleet to come out, and in no sense did Nelson "blockade" it. His usual position lay from thirty to forty miles

west of the harbour mouth, and he was scarcely ever in sight of the land. It must be remembered that he feared the arrival of a Spanish fleet to join the French, for although Spain was neutral when he came to these waters, Nelson daily expected her to join with France; and this did actually happen in a short time. This point about Nelson's "blockade" is important, often overlooked, and ought to be carefully marked and remembered. "My system is the very contrary of blockading," he wrote. "Every opportunity has been offered to the enemy to put to sea, for it is there we hope to realize the hopes and expectations of our country."

During the tedious time of waiting Nelson paid particular attention to keeping his men in the best of health and spirits. "We are healthy beyond example," he writes in October, "and so sharp set, that I would not be a French Admiral in the way of any of our ships for something." But Nelson himself was not in a similar condition. The difficulties of the situation were telling seriously upon his health, which had never been robust. "I hope they will come out and let us settle the matter. You know I hate being kept in suspense." By the beginning of December he was in a state of intense nervous excitement, striving piteously to keep up his spirits. "Next Christmas, please God, I shall be at Merton;

for, by that time, with all the anxiety attendant on such a command as this, I shall be done up. The mind and body both wear out."

But two tedious years were to elapse before Nelson was to fight the battle for which he longed so eagerly. It was really in this weary watching and not in the shock of battle at Trafalgar that the hero's trial lay. "My heart, my Lord, is warm," he wrote to the Secretary for War, "my head is firm, but my body is unequal to my wishes."

In the following spring the French Admiral at Toulon began to exercise his fleet outside the harbour. "My friend, Monsieur La Touche," writes the British Admiral, "sometimes plays bo-peep in and out of Toulon, like a mouse at the edge of its hole. . . . If they go on playing this game, some day we shall lay salt upon their tails, and so end the campaign." But the mouse refused to be drawn. Admiral La Touche Treville died during the summer of 1804 and was succeeded by Villeneuve, and the "cat-and-mouse" game went on as before. Meanwhile Spain had joined with France, and at this time her navy was really formidable.

In the beginning of 1805 Napoleon proposed to form a junction in the West Indies between the French and Spanish fleets, which were then to return to British waters and help him in his plans for

invading England. In March, Villeneuve got out of Toulon while Nelson was cruising eastward and passed the Straits of Gibraltar. At Cadiz he was joined by a Spanish squadron, and the combined fleet arrived at Martinique on 14th May, where he had orders to remain forty days for the French fleets from Brest or Rochefort. But in the beginning of the following month the French Admiral heard that Nelson had arrived at Barbados, and without waiting for the other French squadrons he sailed again for Europe. Thus Nelson's marvellously quick passage across the Atlantic utterly ruined the French plan of concentration.

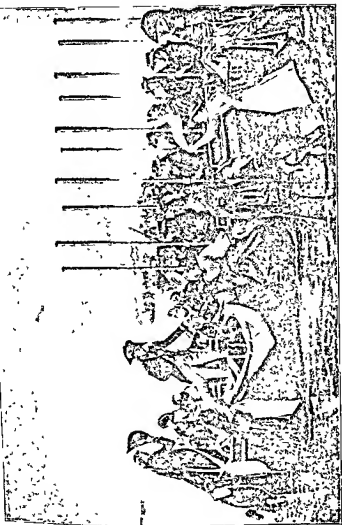
The British at once set out on the return journey with the object of intercepting the allied fleet before it could re-enter the Mediterranean. Nelson joined Collingwood off Cadiz in July, and in a few days received news that Sir Robert Calder had fought an indecisive action with Villeneuve off Cape Finisterre. Nelson put into Gibraltar and went on shore—the first time for two years—and then set sail northward arriving at Spithead in August. A few weeks later he heard that the combined French and Spanish fleets had gone to Cadiz, where they were being carefully watched. Napoleon suddenly broke up his camp at Boulogne and led against Austria the troops intended to "take London," for whom the

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passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen." As the boat pushed off the Admiral said to Captain Hardy, who sat beside him, "I had their huzzas before. Now I have their hearts."

The *Victory* reached the fleet off Cadiz on the day before Nelson's forty-seventh birthday. He at once made arrangements for meeting the officers on the next day at a council of war and explaining his plan of action, which came to be known as the "Nelson touch." "I believe my arrival was most welcome," he writes, "not only to the Commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it; and when I came to explain to them the 'Nelson touch' it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved—'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!' and from admirals downwards it was repeated. 'It must succeed if ever they will allow us to get at them!'"

"'T WAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY"

On the 18th of October the signal passed from mast-head to masthead of the British fleet—"The enemy are coming out of port," and on the 19th the combined French and Spanish fleets put out to sea. They numbered thirty-three battleships with five



STATION AT THE MOUNTAIN
From a drawing by H. H. Howard. By permission of the Illustrated Sporting and Pastime

frigates and two brigs, while Nelson had twenty-seven ships. The enemy made for the entrance of the Mediterranean, and Nelson's fleet set sail to intercept them. On the morning of the 21st the two fleets came within sight of each other.

The British made the attack at noon approaching the centre of the extended allied line in two columns, one headed by Nelson in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. Nelson had been on deck since daylight wearing his admiral's frock-coat with the stars of four Orders on the left breast, but it was noticed that he did not carry his sword. He was quite confident of victory, convinced that he would not survive the fight, and had told one of his captains that he had "bargained for twenty prizes."

Just before noon the signal-lieutenant entered the Admiral's cabin, and found him on his knees writing the following words in his private diary with his left hand—the other, as he once quaintly observed, was at Teneriffe :

"May the Great God whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British

fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen."

Shortly after writing this prayer Nelson came on deck and said to Captain Blackwood, "I will now amuse the fleet with a signal." In a few moments, and after some discussion, he said, "I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty,' " and he added, "You must be quick for I have one more to make which is for close action." The flag-lieutenant said that the word "expects" would be more quickly signalled; and as the ships were now rapidly approaching the enemy, Nelson quickly consented to the alteration and the world-famous signal was made. A few moments later the French ship *Fougueux* fired the first shot at the *Royal Sovereign*. Up went the colours in every ship, while the admirals hoisted their flags. Steadily the *Royal Sovereign* advanced. "See," said Nelson, "how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

The Admiral now made the signal for "Close action," and the *Victory* ran into the smoke of the battle, receiving the direct fire of seven or eight ships

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including that of Villeneuve's flagship, the *Bataure*. In a few moments she was terribly injured and lost a number of officers and men, while a through the ship's side passed between Nelson and Captain Hardy, who was standing not far away from him. "This is too warm work, Hardy," said Nelson "to last long." Meanwhile not a shot had been fired from the guns of the British flagship. Admiral's mark was the *Bucentaure*.

At one o'clock the *Victory* closed with the French flagship, and with a single broadside dismounted twenty guns and accounted for some four hundred men. Then Nelson's ship turned to the right and tackled the *Redoubtable*, in the rigging of which numbers of musketeers were stationed. A duel of artillery now began, while Nelson and Hardy paced to and fro on the quarter-deck in full view of the sharp-shooters in the masts of the *Redoubtable*. After about a quarter of an hour of terrific cannonading Nelson suddenly faced left about and fell on his knees, his left hand touching the deck. Hardy stooped over him as he fell on his left side. "They have done for me at last," he said, "my backbone is shot through." He was carried below and was once attended to by the ship's surgeon, Beatty, whose account of the hero's last moments is given in our next chapter.

Meanwhile the great fight went on, and at times the dying Admiral was cheered in his agony by the hurrahs which announced the "striking" of a French ship. He sent many messages begging Hardy to come to him, but the direction of affairs had now devolved upon that officer, and he could not leave his post during the critical hour. The *Victory*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Bellisle*, and *Temeraire* had borne the first shock, and at heavy loss to themselves had broken the resistance of the enemy, leaving the rest to be done by the ships which followed them; and that work of final conquest was now being carried out with true British care and thoroughness.

A few minutes after the British Admiral had fallen the *Temeraire* had run on board the *Redoubtable*, and the *Fougueux* upon the *Temeraire*, and for a short time the four great ships were locked together, pounding away at each other with desperate energy; and while this fierce fight was proceeding Villeneuve hauled down his flag after signalling to his ships to close in and continue the struggle. This meant fresh attacks upon the shattered *Victory*; but two British ships came up to her aid, and this timely help gave Hardy his opportunity to go below and see his dying chief, whose greatest anxiety was to learn whether any of the British vessels had struck. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and

the guns of the *Victory* were replying with redoubled energy to a fresh attack from the foe but now at longer range, while each new discharge seems to have added to the agony of the dying Admiral. Again Hardy found time to pay him a short visit, and found him eagerly awaiting the news of the capture of the twenty ships for which he had "bargained," and still jealous of his authority, though death was fast approaching. He passed away at half-past four, but it was an hour later before the last of the eighteen prizes hauled down its flag and the firing ceased. "Partial firing continued until 4.30," runs the entry in the *Victory's* log, "when a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., he died of his wound."

"The view of the fleet at this period," writes Admiral Mahan, "was highly interesting, and would have formed a beautiful subject for a painter. Just under the setting rays of the sun were five or six dismantled prizes; on one hand lay the *Victory* with part of our fleet and prizes, and on the left hand the *Royal Sovereign* with a similar cluster of ships. To the northward the remnant of the combined fleets were making for Cadiz. The *Achille* with the tri-coloured ensign still displayed had burnt to the water's edge about a mile from us, and our tenders and boats were using every effort to save the brave

fellows who had so gloriously defended her; but only two hundred and fifty were rescued, and she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

"There, surrounded by the companions of his triumph, and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, 'His body is buried in peace, but his Name liveth for evermore.' Wars may cease,¹ but the need for heroism shall not depart from the earth while man remains and evil exists to be redressed. Whenever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson." As I write these words the British fleet is waiting for the Germans to come out from the Kiel Canal, having now played the "cat-and-mouse game" for twelve months as against Nelson's twenty-two.

Many people at home thought at first that the price paid for victory at Trafalgar was too high! But we see now how great was the effect of that victory. It shattered the navies of France and Spain, and made Britain first upon the ocean during the whole of the nineteenth century, thus enabling

¹ Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* was published in 1897.

her to develop her colonies and dependencies overseas, and to build up the great Empire which at the beginning of the twentieth century was the wonder of the world. It removed all fear of Napoleon's flat-bottomed boats crossing "the ditch," as the conqueror is said to have contemptuously called the English Channel; and it enabled Britain to concentrate upon the new task before her, namely, the conquest of Napoleon on land and the enfranchisement of Europe from the curse of his domination. For during the year that followed the "mishap" of Trafalgar—so he named it—the French Emperor rose to a dazzling height of glory, and approached within sight of his great ambition to be "Caesar" or ruler of the world.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

By Dr Beatty, Surgeon to the "Victory"

LORD NELSON was walking the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy and in the act of turning near the hatchway with his face towards the stern of the *Victory*, when the fatal ball was fired from the enemy's mizen top. The ball struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck.

Captain Hardy expressed a hope that he was not

severely wounded, to which the gallant chief replied :

" They have done for me at last, Hardy."

" I hope not," answered Captain Hardy.

" Yes," replied his Lordship, " my backbone is shot through."

Captain Hardy ordered the seamen to carry the Admiral to the Cockpit. While the men were carrying him down the ladder from the middle deck, his Lordship observed that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced, and desired one of the Midshipmen to go upon the quarter-deck and remind Captain Hardy that new ones should be immediately rove. Having delivered this order, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and covered his face with it, that he might be conveyed to the Cockpit at this crisis unnoticed by the crew.

The Surgeon had just examined two officers and found that they were dead, when his attention was arrested by several of the wounded calling to him, " Mr. Beatty, Lord Nelson is here : Mr. Beatty, the Admiral is wounded."

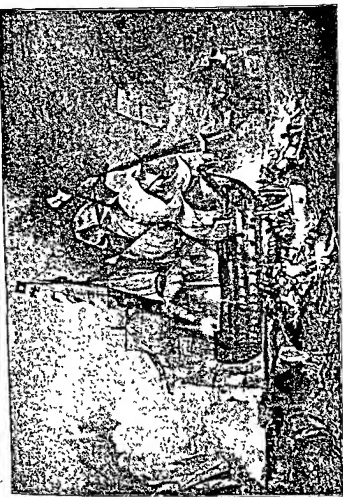
The Surgeon on looking round saw the handkerchief fall from his Lordship's face ; when the stars on his coat, which also had been covered by it, appeared. Mr. Burke, the purser, and the Surgeon ran immediately to the assistance of his Lordship ; and took him from the arms of the seamen who had

carried him below. In conveying him to one of the Midshipmen's berths, they stumbled, but recovered themselves without falling.

His Lordship was laid upon a bed, stripped of his clothes, and covered with a sheet.

The Surgeon then examined the wound, assuring his Lordship that he would not put him to much pain, in endeavouring to discover the course of the ball; which he soon found had penetrated deep into the chest, and had probably lodged in the spine. This being explained to his Lordship, he replied, "he was confident his back was shot through." The back was then examined externally but without any injury being perceived; on which his Lordship was requested by the Surgeon to make him acquainted with all his sensations. He replied, that "he felt a gush of blood every minute within his breast; that he had no feeling in the lower part of his body; and that his breathing was difficult and attended with very severe pain about that part of the spine where he was confident that the ball had struck; "for," said he, "I felt it break my back."

These symptoms, but more particularly the gush of blood which his Lordship complained of, together with the state of his pulse, indicated to the Surgeon the hopeless situation of the case; but till after the victory was ascertained and announced to him



THE BATTLE OF TEWESBURY—J. M. W. TURNER

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Lordship, the true nature of his wound was concealed by the Surgeon from all on board except only Captain Hardy.

Many messages were sent to Captain Hardy by the Surgeon, requesting his attendance on his Lordship; who became impatient to see him, and often exclaimed: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed. He is surely destroyed."

The Captain's aide-de-camp, Mr. Bulkley, came below and stated that "circumstances respecting the fleet required Captain Hardy's presence on deck; but that he would avail himself of the first favourable moment to visit his Lordship."

An hour and ten minutes however elapsed from the time of his Lordship's being wounded, before Captain Hardy's first subsequent interview with him; the particulars of which are nearly as follows.

They shook hands affectionately, and Lord Nelson said: "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?"

"Very well, my Lord," replied Captain Hardy. "We have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said his Lordship, "none of *our* ships have struck, Hardy."

"No, my Lord," replied Captain Hardy; "there is no fear of that."

Lord Nelson then said: "I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. . . ." Mr. Burke was about to withdraw at the commencement of this conversation; but his Lordship, perceiving his intention, desired he would remain.

Captain Hardy observed, that "he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life."

"Oh, no!" answered his Lordship; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Captain Hardy then returned on deck, and at parting shook hands again with his revered friend and Commander.

His Lordship now requested the Surgeon to return to the wounded; and give his assistance to such of them as he could be useful to; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

The Surgeon replied: "My Lord, unhappily for our Country, nothing can be done for you"; and having made this declaration he was so much affected, that he turned round and withdrew a few steps to conceal his emotions.

THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY -

His Lordship said, "I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me I am gone." Drink was recommended liberally, and Dr Scott and Mr. Burke fanned him with paper.

He often exclaimed, "God be praised, I have done my duty", and upon the Surgeon's inquiring whether his pain was still very great, he declared, "it continued so very severe, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "he would like to live a little longer, too."

Captain Hardy now came to the Cockpit to see his Lordship a second time, which was after an interval of about fifty minutes from the conclusion of his last visit.

Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy shook hands warmly, and when the Captain retained his Lordship's hand he congratulated him even in the arms of Death on his brilliant victory, "which," he said, "was a perfect triumph, though he did not know how many of the French were captured, as it was impossible to receive every ship distinctly. He was certain, however, of fifteen or fifteen having surrendered."

His Lordship answered "That is well, but I beg need to know," and then emphatically exclaimed "Anchor Hardy anchor!"

38 The Captain replied "I suppose, my Lord

After this affecting scene Captain Hardy withdrew, and returned to the quarter-deck : having spent about eight minutes in this his last interview with his dying friend.

His Lordship's thirst now increased : and he called out " Drink, drink, " " Fan, fan ! " and " Rub, rub ! " addressing himself in the last call to Dr. Scott, who had been rubbing his breast with his hand, from which he found some relief. These words he spoke in a very rapid manner, which rendered his articulation difficult : but he every now and then, with evident increase of pain, made a greater effort with his vocal powers, and pronounced distinctly these last words : " Thank God, I have done my duty " ; and this great sentiment he continued to repeat as long as he was able to give it utterance.

His Lordship became speechless in about fifteen minutes after Captain Hardy left him. Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke, who had all along sustained the bed under his shoulders, forbore to disturb him by speaking to him ; and when he had remained speechless about five minutes, his Lordship's Steward went to the Surgeon, and stated his apprehensions that his Lordship was dying. The Surgeon immediately repaired to him, and knelt down by his side, and took up his hand ; which was cold, and the pulse gone from the wrist.

On the Surgeon's feeling his forehead, which was likewise cold, his Lordship opened his eyes, looked up, and shut them again

NAPOLEON AS CAESAR

THE second name of the Roman general, Julius Caesar, who landed on the shores of Britain in 55 B.C., is one of the most interesting and suggestive words in history, with more mistakes, misery, and bloodshed behind it than any other word which could be named. It stands for a claim to world dominion on the part of a single ruler which has never been allowed, but always strenuously resisted, by the various nations of the earth.

The first Caesars were the heads of the Roman Empire, which for a time included "the world," or at all events that part of it which really mattered, namely, the lands of Central and Western Europe with the countries round about the Mediterranean, the name of which means "in the middle of the earth." For a time the Caesars of Rome controlled, more or less firmly, all these lands under one central government which operated from the "Eternal City," and the first Imperial Caesar was the adopted nephew of Julius Caesar. He was known as Augustus, and

was head of the government of Rome during the time that Jesus Christ lived in the Roman province of Syria.

The great world-wide Roman Empire was broken up in the fifth century by barbarian inroads from the northern part of Central Europe; and for hundreds of years was the scene of innumerable struggles, during which the Roman claim to world dominion existed only in name, while the seat of government was finally moved to Byzantium (Constantinople). This movement really broke up the so-called empire into an Eastern and a Western portion. The Eastern Empire fell somewhat out of the race, and the Emperor at Rome grew weaker and weaker, while the chief bishop of the Western Christian Church, the Pope of Rome, gained more and more power. By this time the world-power of Rome was shattered beyond recall. It had fallen before the ideal of nationality; for if we look carefully we shall find the various nations of Europe as we know them, slowly but surely emerging out of the chaos of warring tribes.

Then there arose a great king of the North named Charlemagne, who set up a wide kingdom in Central Europe which included France, Western Germany, Austria, as well as Northern Italy. This king made an arrangement with the Pope of Rome in

the beginning of the ninth century under which he was to become Kaiser or "Emperor" or successor of the Roman Caesars, and to rule "the world" in conjunction with the Pope as head of the Church; for he intended, of course, to add to the dominions which he controlled at the time of this strange coronation. Here was a new world-ruler who looked back to the Caesars of Rome as his natural predecessors.

His great empire endured while he lived, and for that time only. As soon as he had passed away, it fell apart; and the various nations as we know them now went on struggling each for its own separate, national existence. But, strangely enough, there was always one among the crowned heads of Europe who claimed to be Emperor, Caesar, Kaiser, or lord of the world. At times his "world" was a very curious thing, and it came at last to include an unnatural combination of certain German states in Central Europe with Northern Italy, while "the Emperor" and the Pope of Rome were usually at bitter enmity with each other. Meanwhile France and Spain were drawing away from "the Empire" and becoming well-defined separate countries each with national characteristics of its own.

. You will remember from your English history that it was Philip II. of Spain who sent the Armada

to our shores. His father Charles V. was Emperor¹ as well as King of Spain, and as holder of this strange title was also ruler of Western Germany, Austria, the Netherlands, and the greater part of Italy. It was in his time that the Spaniards claimed to be lords of the world and had their power broken by the contemptible little kingdom known as England, which lay outside the circle of civilisation so far as the proud princes of "the Empire" were concerned, who still looked to Vienna as the centre of the universe and the Emperor as the fountain of all honour.

Meanwhile France went on its way, becoming more strongly national and distinct, and at last, under Louis XIV. the "Grand Monarque," she too came into the race for "world" dominion. The circle of the world was now enlarged, thanks to the bold Spanish and English adventurers, by the addition of a New World across the Atlantic Ocean, and Louis XIV. schemed to make use of his conquests in America to balance the power of "the Emperor" at Vienna. He also had dreams of becoming the chief monarch of Europe, so that in him we have another would-be world-ruler with a wider ambition than had ever cursed a

¹Not Emperor of any particular state but of "the Empire." He was peror," lord of the world, and successor of Caesar Augustus!

Caesar of Rome. English history tells how William III. and the Duke of Marlborough thwarted him and helped to prevent his family from dominating Europe. But still "the Emperor" ruled in Vienna as successor of Caesar Augustus, lord of the world and head of the "Holy Roman Empire," as, you will remember, his strange dominion was called.

In reality he was head of Austria, that is, the "eastern" part of the German portion of the old Empire, with a very insecure hold upon portions of Italy and certain German states to the north. Meanwhile the King of Prussia, whose kingdom lay near the southern shores of the Baltic, was slowly becoming more and more powerful in the north of what we now know as Germany. The old idea of world dominion was not yet dead, not, at least, until Napoleon came to Vienna in the year 1806, just about a thousand years after the coronation of Charlemagne by the Pope of Rome.

When the Emperor of the French gave up or postponed his plans for the invasion of England he turned all his forces against Austria, which was at the time planning with Russia to take him by surprise. Napoleon, however, was always an advocate of getting the blow in first, and suddenly appeared before Ulm, where he forced the Austrian general, Mack, to surrender. Then he marched

quickly upon Vienna, which he entered in triumph. Austrian and Russian forces met him at Austerlitz and sustained a tremendous defeat. "Roll away that map," said William Pitt when he heard of this tremendous French victory, pointing, as he spoke, to a map of Europe, "it will not be wanted these ten years."

If these words were really spoken they were truly prophetic. For the next ten years after Austerlitz map-makers made only temporary maps of Europe, for no one knew any morning where a new frontier would have to be marked before night fell.

The head of the Holy Roman Empire was now forced to give up the imperial title, and became Emperor of Austria only. The German states, sixteen in number, which were now set free from "the Empire" formed themselves into a league of which Napoleon was "protector" but really master, but Russia remained outside of this league. The kingdom of Naples received a new monarch, namely Joseph, the brother of Napoleon. The republic of the Netherlands was made into a monarchy with another brother, Louis, as its king. Italy was divided into a number of dukedoms under various friends of the Emperor of the French. England, Prussia, Sweden, and Russia remained

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outside of this new world-empire, and they formed a league against its presiding genius. In two great battles at Jena and Auerstadt, fought on the same day, Napoleon humbled Prussia completely, and he then marched in triumph into Berlin, where he issued a decree forbidding all parts of Europe under his control to trade with Britain. Then the conqueror marched against Russia, defeated the Tsar's army at Friedland in Prussia, and concluded the Peace of Tilsit, which was to his own advantage. A portion of Prussian territory was made into a new kingdom of Westphalia, which was given to another brother, Jerome Bonaparte.

Here was a world conqueror worthy of the name, a ruler beside whom the Caesars, Charlemagne, and heads of the Holy Roman Empire were small indeed. It is not surprising that Napoleon should claim to be the true successor of Charlemagne and "King of Kings." The old idea of world-empire was still alive, but so also was the little island "nation of shopkeepers" who had humbled Philip II. of Spain and Louis XIV. of France in their turn. Napoleon saw that Spain and Portugal lay outside the ring of his influence, and felt that Russia had not yet been sufficiently humbled. So he set out to subdue both these countries, and in the attempt met with his doom. Down came his world-empire crashing

about his ears, and in place of Europe he was finally given the little island of Elba, near the Italian coast, of which he was allowed to call himself "Emperor."

THE BRITISH IN SPAIN

WHILE Napoleon was making himself master of continental Europe by force of arms, he was, as we have seen, indirectly planning the downfall of Britain by trying to ruin her trade. He had been beaten from the seas by the victory at Trafalgar, and had great contempt for Britain as a military power; but when he took the step of adding Portugal and Spain to his world-empire he found that a small British army could go a very long way, even *via* Lisbon and Madrid to the gates of Paris itself.

Portugal was the friend and ally of England, and had refused to close her ports to English ships at the call of the conqueror. A French army therefore took possession of Lisbon, and the King of Portugal was driven into exile. Napoleon now took the further step of compelling the King of Spain to give up his throne, which he gave to Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples. The Spaniards naturally resented such a high-handed proceeding and drove

King Joseph from Madrid, while the British sent out an army under Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal. This was in the year 1808.

Wellesley began by inflicting a severe defeat upon the French under Junot, but the advantage of this victory was taken from him by the arrival of a superior officer who made an arrangement with the enemy by which the French general was allowed to return with his troops to France by sea. The two British leaders were called home to answer for this arrangement, and while they were away Napoleon himself came to Spain at the head of his veterans, marched into Madrid, and once more placed his brother upon the throne. Then he set out in pursuit of the British army under Sir John Moore, who cleverly retreated into the rugged mountain land of Galicia ; and while his men were pursuing the British through this difficult country he learnt that Austria was once more lifting up her head, cheered by promises of British gold, to make a new effort against her great foe. Napoleon therefore left Spain in haste, leaving Marshal Soult to follow up Sir John Moore. But the latter suddenly turned, defeated the French, and then embarked at Corunna for England. Moore fell in the moment of victory, and was buried before the transports sailed for home.



THE PROGRESS TO HIS

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
 As his corse to the ramparts we h:
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell
 O'er the grave where our hero we l

We buried him darkly at dead of night
 The socks with our bayonets turning
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty li
 And the lantern dimly burning.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and g
 We carved not a line and we raised not i
 But we left him alone with his glory.

It was high summer in the year 180
 Napoleon was able to make any impressi
 the Austrian forces, which were animated b
 spirit, but after much stern fighting he won a
 victory at Wagram. The Austrians lost
 territory, and Napoleon made himself "roy
 marrying the daughter of their Emperor after
 ing his wife Josephine. Meanwhile Wellesle
 returned to Portugal and driven Marshal
 from the country. Then he marched into S
 and at Talavera defeated the French army cov
 Madrid, which he might have captured outrig
 he had been properly supported
 allies

to fight his battles himself, although he had an army of only 23,000 men!

So well had this force acquitted itself that Napoleon began to send large reinforcements into Spain in order to "drive the British leopard into the sea," and even spoke of going in person to try conclusions with Wellesley; but he was not destined to meet that great leader for some seven years. He gave the command of his army in Spain to Marshal Massena, one of his most skilful generals, who carried all before him until he met the British in Portugal. The general, now Lord Wellington, drew them on right up to the gates of Lisbon, where he had erected a strong system of fortifications, known and famous in military history as the "Lines of Torres Vedras," which extended in a triple range across the peninsula in which the Portuguese capital is situated. "Massena knew nothing of these lines," writes a historian,¹ "till his army was brought up by running into the first of them (October 1810). He found them so strong that he dared not risk an attack on them, and halted irresolute in their front. Wellington had expected this, and had prepared for the contingency by sweeping the whole country-side bare of provisions, and causing the peasantry to retire to Lisbon.

¹ Professor C. W. Oman in *England in the Nineteenth Century*.

"Massena's host starved in front of the lines for five months, vainly hoping for aid from Spain. But Wellington had cut their line of communication with Madrid by throwing numerous bands of Portuguese militia across the mountain roads, and no food and very few fresh troops came to help the invaders. When his army was almost perishing from famine, Massena was constrained to take it back to Spain, suffering so dreadfully by the way that he only brought back two-thirds of the men whom he had led into Portugal (March 1811). The retreat of the French from before the lines of Torres Vedras was the turning-point of the Peninsular War and, in some degree, the turning-point of Napoleon's whole career."

But there was much stern fighting before the French were finally driven out of Spain. In the month of May, Soult was turned back at Albuera, and Massena was recalled by Napoleon, who was now planning the disastrous Russian campaign, which is described in a later chapter. In the early part of the year which saw the retreat from Moscow, the British stormed and captured by supreme efforts the two strong frontier fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Then Wellington advanced into Spain and won the Battle of Salamanca in forty minutes. Madrid was entered by the British

and evacuated by Joseph Bonaparte. The southern part of the Peninsula was now free from the French invaders.

The next year saw the complete overthrow of Napoleon at the great "Battle of the Nations" which was fought at Leipzig, and which is also described in a later chapter; and during this decisive year Wellington also marched from success to success. At Vittoria he won a victory which forced back the French to the Pyrenees, where they made a stand, but were again beaten so decisively that they were obliged to make a hasty retreat to their own country, leaving the plunder of Spain behind them. On the northern side of the mountains Soult held out for a time, but he was forced from Toulouse after a desperate fight.

Then came news of peace. Paris had fallen before the allies, Napoleon was Emperor no longer, and Louis XVIII. was on the throne of France. Wellington was summoned to Paris to confer with the allied sovereigns about Spain, and then returned for a short time to Madrid, where King Ferdinand had been restored. At the end of June he was once more in London, where he was greeted with great acclamation. He was created Duke of Wellington and received the thanks of the nation in the House of Lords. "The nation owes to you," the speaker

THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY

said, "the proud satisfaction that, amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence."

He was then appointed British Ambassador at Paris, and on the way to that city he made an inspection of the defences of Holland and Belgium, and wrote a report on the field position of Waterloo to the south of Brussels. His presence in Paris naturally caused some discontent among the French generals, and it was proposed to send him to America. "You cannot at this moment allow me to quit Europe," he wrote home, and he was sent to Vienna in February of 1815. Three weeks after his arrival in that city news came that Napoleon had escaped from Elba.

THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO¹

Long harangues are not necessary to British soldiers, and on this occasion few words were made use of. General Picton said something animating to the different regiments as he passed them, and his mode of speaking was indeed very impressive. The

¹ From *Adventures with the Connaught Rangers*, by Lieutenant W. Rattan.



WELLINGTON AT BADDYOZ - R. CATON WOODHILL F.R.I.

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The two divisions got clear of the covered way at the same moment, and each advanced to the attack of their respective points with the utmost regularity. The obstacles which presented themselves to both were nearly the same, but every difficulty, no matter how great, merged into insignificance when placed in the scale of the prize about to be contested. The soldiers were full of ardour, but altogether devoid of that blustering and bravadoing which is truly unworthy of men at such a moment ; and it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the enthusiastic bravery which animated the troops.

A cloud that had for some time before obscured the moon, which was at its full, disappeared altogether, and the countenances of the soldiers were, for the first time since Picton addressed them, visible—they presented a material change. In place of that joyous animation which his fervid and impressive address called forth, a look of severity, bordering on ferocity, had taken its place ; and although ferocity is by no means one of the characteristics of the British soldier, there was, most unquestionably, a savage expression in the faces of the men that I had never before witnessed. Such is the difference between the storm of a breach and the fighting a pitched battle.

THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY

Once clear of the covered way, and fairly on the plain that separated it from the fortress the enemy had a full view of all that was passing. their batteries, charged to the muzzle with case-shot, opened a murderous fire upon the columns as they advanced, but nothing could shake the intrepid bravery of the troops. The Light Division soon descended the ditch and gained, although not without a serious struggle, the top of the narrow and difficult breach allotted to them, their gallant general, Robert Craufurd, fell at the head of the 43rd, and his second in command, General Vandeleur, was severely wounded, but there were not wanting others to supply their place, yet these losses, trying as they were to the feelings of the soldiers, in no way damped their ardour, and the brave Light Division carried the left breach at the point of the bayonet.

Once established upon the ramparts, they made all the dispositions necessary to ensure their own conquest, as also to render every assistance in their power to the 3rd Division in their attack. They cleared the rampart which separated the lesser from the grand breach, and relieved Picton's division from any anxiety it might have as to its safety on its left flank.

The right brigade, forming the van of the 3rd Division, upon reaching the ditch, to its astonish-

SIXTH STAGE

ment, found Major Ridge and Colonel Campbell at the head of the 5th and 94th mounting the ~~Hausse~~ ^{the} Braye wall. These two regiments, ~~after waving~~ ^{performing} performed their task of silencing the fire of the French troops upon the ramparts, with a noble emulation resolved to precede their comrades in the attack of the grand breach. Both parties greeted each other with a cheer, only to be understood by those who have been placed in a similar situation; yet the enemy were in no way daunted by the shout raised by our soldiers—they crowded the breach, and defended it with a bravery that would have made any but troops accustomed to conquer, waver.

But the "fighting division" were not the men to be easily turned from their purpose; the breach was speedily mounted, yet, nevertheless, a serious *affray* took place ere it was gained. A considerable mass of infantry crowned its summit, while in the rear and at each side were stationed men, so placed that they could render every assistance to their comrades at the breach without any great risk to themselves; besides this, two guns of heavy calibre, separated from the breach by a ditch of considerable depth and width, enfiladed it, and as soon as the French infantry were forced from the summit, these guns opened their fire on our troops.

The head of the column had scarcely gained the

weapon from his bleeding adversary, the second Frenchman closed upon him, and by a *coup de sabre* severed his left arm from his body a little above the elbow; he fell from the shock, and was on the eve of being massacred when Kelly, after having scrambled under the gun, rushed onward to succour his comrade. He bayoneted two Frenchmen on the spot, and at this instant Brazil came up, three of the five gunners lay lifeless, while Swan, resting against an ammunition chest, was bleeding to death.

It was now equal numbers, two against two, but Brazil in his over-anxiety to engage was near losing his life at the onset; in making a lunge at the man next to him, his foot slipped upon the platform, and he fell forward against his antagonist, but as both rolled under the gun, Brazil felt the socket of his bayonet strike hard against the buttons of the Frenchman's coat. The remaining gunner, in attempting to escape under the carriage from Kelly, was killed by some soldiers of the 5th, who just now reached the top of the breach, and seeing the serious dispute at the gun pressed forward to the assistance of the three men of the Connaught Rangers.

While this was taking place on the left, the head of the column remounted the breach, and regardless of the cries of their wounded companions, whom they indiscriminately trampled to death, pressed

anticipate the next discharge—yet to deliberate was certain death. The French cannoniers, five in number, stood to, and served their gun with as much *sang froid* as if on a parade, and the light which their torches threw forth showed to our men the peril they would have to encounter if they dared to attack a gun so defended ; but this was of no avail. Men going to storm a breach generally make up their minds that there is no great probability of their ever returning from it to tell their adventures to their friends ; and whether they die at the bottom or top of it, or at the muzzle, or upon the breach of a cannon is to them pretty nearly the same !

The first who reached the top after the last discharge were three of the 88th. Sergeant Pat Brazil—the brave Brazil of the Grenadier company, who saved his captain's life at Busaco—called out to his two companions, Swan and Kelly, to unscrew their bayonets and follow him ; the three men passed the trench in a moment and engaged the French cannoniers hand to hand ; a terrific but short combat was the consequence.

Swan was the first, and was met by the two gunners on the right of the gun, but, no way daunted, he engaged them, and plunged his bayonet into the breast of one, he was about to repeat the blow upon the other, but before he could disentangle the

weapon from his bleeding adversary, the second Frenchman closed upon him, and by a *coup de sabre* severed his left arm from his body a little above the elbow ; he fell from the shock, and was on the eve of being massacred when Kelly, after having scrambled under the gun, rushed onward to succour his comrade. He bayoneted two Frenchmen on the spot, and at this instant Brazil came up ; three of the five gunners lay lifeless, while Swan, resting against an ammunition chest, was bleeding to death.

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forward in one irregular but heroic mass, and putting every man to death who opposed their progress, forced the enemy from the ramparts at the bayonet's point. Yet the garrison still rallied, and defended the several streets with the most unflinching bravery; nor was it until the musketry of the Light Division was heard in the direction of the Plaza Mayor that they gave up the contest, but from this moment all regular resistance ceased, and they fled in disorder to the Citadel.

MOSCOW AND LEIPZIG

NAPOLEON forbade the ports of the Continent to admit British ships, with the object of forcing the "island enemy" into starvation and surrender to a proper subordinate place in his world-empire. But in 1810 the Tsar of Russia, Alexander II., defied him and threw open his ports to British trade. It was a bold move for a man who was really of very irresolute character, for he knew that it meant war with France, and after he had taken the decisive step we read of him pacing his room with haggard eyes and muttering, "*L'année prochaine?*"—"What will next year bring?" But he took heart when he remembered the power of the two great Russian "generals,"

January and February, and their no less powerful supporters, Major November and Colonel December!

The next year brought Napoleon into Russia at the head of six hundred thousand men. In the summer of 1812 he crossed the Niemen and began his march on Moscow. The Russians, purposely, did not resist him, but drew him steadily on across the plains; and as fast as they retreated they burned the villages and the grain in the fields, so that the invading army, under the leader whose military policy was always to make the enemy's country feed his men, advanced through a desolated country. Even Napoleon must have felt that there was something ominous in this march from one smouldering pile of ruins to another.

After a march of about ten weeks, and when Napoleon had covered about five hundred miles, the Russian army made a stand near the River Borodino; but they were badly beaten, and now the way was clear for Moscow; and in the middle of September Bonaparte entered the ancient capital of the Tsar of all the Russias. To say that he entered it in triumph would not be exactly true, for he found the city silent and almost entirely deserted. The conqueror took up his residence at the citadel known as the Kremlin, and his troops were allowed to m¹

the most of their opportunity for sacking the city and feasting on the good things which they found there.

Suddenly the revellers discovered, to their alarm and consternation, that the city was on fire, and they were called upon in their own interests to act the part of amateur firemen. Their task proved to be a very difficult one, for the plans of the "beaten" foe had been carefully laid and were relentlessly carried out. Napoleon shared in the general consternation and surprise: after all he seems to have been a man of little imagination and small sense of humour! It had evidently not entered into his calculations that the enemy would sacrifice their own capital, and it was one of his leading ideas as a military leader that an invading army should strike at the enemy's capital as one of his men would strike at the heart of a foe at close quarters.

In less than a week the best part of Moscow was in ashes, most of the invaders were without shelter, there was little food in the place and none on the long way home, while "Major November" and "Colonel December" were already stalking across the steppes. The obvious course was to beat a retreat before the snows should fall, but for once Napoleon's power of quick decision seems to have failed him, and he wasted precious time before he



NAVY - KIKI VI FROM MOSCOW

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bowed himself to give the word for the homeward march.

In the eight weeks of agony that followed, the Russians left the greater part of the work of conquest to the "officers" whom I have already mentioned. Even before the first snow began to fall, the invaders had lost nearly half of their numbers and over seventy thousand horses ; for the cold of the Russian steppes is not the cold which makes you glad that you are alive, but the cold which seems to freeze your very thoughts.

"The ragged starving troops threw away their useless arms. They staggered on, day after day, through the snow until their strength gave out and they fell to the ground. The falling flakes soon covered them ; and hundreds of little white hillocks appeared, each one of which showed where one or more dead soldiers lay."

Meanwhile the Russian cavalry mounted on their hardy chargers, and inured to the cold by long exposure and experience, hovered round the shattered remnant of the *Grande Armée* to "speed the parting guest." On the way the Emperor abandoned his men and made his way post-haste to Paris. Only "at one-tenth of his brave soldiers recrossed the", and of these very few lived to reach their in "the pleasant land of France." So the

great conqueror learnt what it means to "strike at the enemy's capital" when the enemy is a determined, patriotic nation.

During this time Wellington was busy with his task of driving the French from Spain ; and seeing that Napoleon claimed to be the new Charlemagne, it is significant that his troops were finally driven out of the peninsula through the difficult pass of Roncesvalles. For, according to the old story, it was here that the army of Charlemagne made a last stand under Count Roland in their retreat before the hordes of the Saracens.

In the next year, however, Napoleon, so great was his influence in his own country, was able to raise an army of boys with which to face a coalition of England, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Austria, which had mustered a million men. The great "Battle of the Nations" took place at Leipzig in the autumn, after Napoleon had been somewhat encouraged by a victory of his raw troops at Dresden.

The Battle of Leipzig raged for three days. The town has the misfortune to be one of those strategic military centres dear to the hearts of great generals ; and in this terrible battle the neighbourhood of the city lived up to its reputation of being the "cockpit of Europe," a distinction which it shares with poor, distracted Belgium. In this great fight the French lost

about 70,000 men, killed and wounded, and the loss on the side of the allies was also very great. Military experts say that Napoleon's strategy in this campaign showed signs of failing powers, that he ought to have advanced upon Berlin by way of Magdeburg, and that he ought not to have allowed the allies to unite. However these things may be, the result of the battle was decisive enough, for Napoleon's Empire fell to pieces; and when he refused the terms offered him at Frankfort, the allies proceeded to invade France from both north and south. Paris was unable to defend herself, and the hosts of the enemy passed through her gates.

A new French Government was appointed, Napoleon was deposed, and the brother of Louis XVI. was made king with the title of Louis XVIII. The great "world-emperor" was sent with a considerable fortune and a bodyguard to the tiny island of Elba off the coast of Italy, which was henceforth to be his "empire" and his prison. The new king of the French had been living a quiet life in Buckingham Palace and began his reign in its "nineteenth year," dating its course from the death of the last king. Now that Napoleon was supposed to have received his final quarter, France was tenderly dealt with by the allies. She was given the territory which she had held in 1793, and no indemnity was asked from her for

the enormous expense to which the wars of her late Emperor had committed all the surrounding nations.

During the "settlement" the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia both visited Paris and then came over to England where they were fêted and honoured. The latter complimented the Speaker of the House of Commons on the brave stand that the English had made, little thinking that a still braver stand would be necessary within a year, and that England and Prussia would make it together.

Before we deal with the famous "Hundred Days" which ended with Waterloo, we must turn aside to consider another little war in which we were engaged during the time that Napoleon was invading Russia. This was the American War of 1812-14.

AN UNFORTUNATE QUARREL

THE great struggle with France overshadows an unfortunate quarrel between Britain and the United States, which began in the summer of 1812 and lasted until Christmas Eve of the year 1814. The real causes of the dispute lay in the British methods of dealing with contraband of war during the desperate struggle to keep her oversea trade in the face of Napoleon's determined efforts to ruin it. The

United States was a neutral, and France was one of her chief customers. There was bound to be soreness when Britain declared some commodity contraband of war and proceeded to search all ships for the same. Further, the Americans were offering high wages to British sailors to take service on their merchant vessels, and, as some of our seamen were known to have accepted these offers, the British ships would often stop American merchantmen on the high seas to search for these men. It was not possible for these things to go on without continual friction, especially when the sympathies of the American people were with the French rather than with ourselves; and the United States ended the period of tension by a declaration of war at a time when she had six frigates and six thousand men in arms, irrespective of militia.

The States were not unanimous in this war, the North being rather favourable to peace, while the South was keen against Britain, and in a position to injure her in a very material manner, namely, by withholding the supply of cotton upon which the life of Lancashire depended and still depends. One of the immediate results of the quarrel was a famine in American cotton, causing great distress and many bread riots in the towns of the north. One would have thought that this situation would encourage

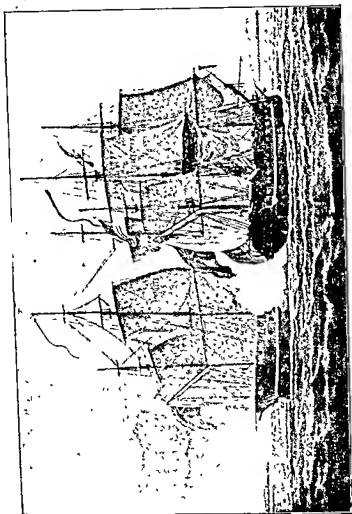
far-seeing Empire-builders to look to some parts of the Empire for Lancashire's supplies ; but at the time all the far-seeing people in Britain appear to have had their minds filled only with one great idea—the destruction of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The land operations in this war were, of course, confined to "a certain liveliness" on the Canadian border, which was crossed and recrossed several times. Each side also built gunboats for operations on the Great Lakes and carried on an interesting internal naval warfare of a kind hitherto unheard of. At first the Americans had the advantage in this new type of fighting, but before the end of the war the Canadians had "learnt the ropes," and were giving a very good account of themselves.

The sea operations could scarcely assume the dignity of naval "battles," for neither side had many ships, the British navy having more important work nearer home ; and the fighting resolved itself into a number of naval duels, while the Americans carried on a system of privateering which caused great annoyance to our commerce even in the seas round about our own shores. It must be admitted that one of the bad effects of Trafalgar had been to cause our gunners to lose their superiority in marksmanship, owing, no doubt, to having had nothing to fire at since Nelson had done his work so well.

One of the most noteworthy of the naval was that between the United States sloop-o *Wasp*, Captain Jones, and the British brig-o *Frolic*, Captain Whungates, which met on the route from the Gulf of Mexico to Europe. *Frolic* began the duel and the *Wasp* quickly returned her fire, while the two vessels ran along side by side gradually drawing closer to each other. The British ship fired high and quickly, the American fired low and at a slower rate. By the time the two came close together the American had the advantage and her crew leapt aboard the *Frolic*. Just as the British warship *Poictiers* hove in sight, she hauled the two combatants, and took them both to Bermuda, where the plucky *Wasp* was given a reward of admission to the British navy after having been rechristened the *Lynx*.

A still more famous naval duel was that between the American *Chesapeake*, Captain Lawrence, and the British frigate *Shannon*, Captain Vere Broke. The former was sent to the mouth of the St. Lawrence to intercept supply ships sailing to Quebec, and to check the coming campaign on the Canadian front. At this moment the *Shannon* was engaged in a blockade of Boston harbour. The two ships met on the 1st of June not far from Boston and at once made



117. "MIANON" AND THE "CHESAPPAKE"

From an Account in the British Museum

of Vandalism would terrify the American people. In the rest of the land fighting, although the British Government employed Professional veterans, the defenders had the advantage. But peace had been now concluded in Europe, and it was rather before the *quarrelling* *corpses* also made terms with each other, just in time for Britain to brace herself for the final struggle against Napoleon.

the vessels were running along in a parallel course, and soon the two were pounding at each other in fine style. In a very short time the sailing-master of the *Chesapeake* was killed and her captain wounded.

These mishaps practically paralysed the American vessel, but as soon as the *Shannon* came closer to her she gave a good account of herself by means of musketry fire. But Captain Lawrence was mortally wounded and his first lieutenant killed, and in a few moments the boarding party under Broke himself trod the decks of the *Chesapeake*. The American chaplain fired his pistol at the British captain, who wounded him with his cutlass; the crew of the *Chesapeake*, uncertain of their orders, made a desperate and stout resistance; but the defenders were soon overpowered, while the colours were hauled down by the British. The fight lasted for about twenty minutes in all.

The land war went on with varying fortune. In 1814 the Americans again invaded Upper Canada, defeated the British, and a few weeks later were defeated in their turn. Then Napoleon was banished, and Britain took the struggle in America more seriously. Washington was captured by General Ross, and some of its public buildings were stupidly put to the flames under the foolish idea that such an act

of vandalism would terrify the American people. In the rest of the land fighting, although the British Government employed Peninsular veterans, the defenders had the advantage. But peace had been *now concluded in Europe* and it was not long before the quarrelling consens also made terms with each other—just in time for Britain to brace herself for the final struggle against Napoleon.

THE KINGDOM OF POLAND

RIGHT in the heart of the central plain of Europe lay the powerful kingdom of Poland, extending from the Baltic Sea to the Carpathian range. This was in the Middle Ages, when England and France were only beginning to be nations, when the present Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy were unknown. But we look in vain to-day for the ancient kingdom of Poland.

A glance at the map of Europe will show how advantageous was the central position of Poland in the ages before sea-power began to count in world-history. She occupied one of the most productive portions of Europe, but she was also the object of every attack on the part of the nations which surrounded her,—the Swedes on the north,

Russians on the east, the Turks on the south-east, as well as the Prussians and the German peoples of the Holy Roman Empire on the west and south-west. It is not surprising to find that the final fate of Poland was dismemberment by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. But I am beginning at the wrong end of the story.

Among the Polish leaders who held out* most bravely against the ring of enemies was John Sobieski, whose career belongs to the latter part of the seventeenth century, covering the time when England was passing through the Revolution which placed William III. upon the throne. Sobieski was a born soldier and general, brave, clever, a lover of books and civilised life, and filled with a burning desire to defend Christian Poland against the heathen Tartars and Turks of south-eastern Europe. In one great battle against the Turks at Choczin he captured the sacred green standard of their Pasha and routed his army with great slaughter. In the next year he was elected King of Poland. Again and again he checked the "Moslem hordes," and when at last they laid siege to Vienna he marched swiftly against them and smote them so terribly that the enemy gave up the siege and retired in complete disorder.

This great leader and champion of Christendom has some indirect connection with our own history. You will remember how the Jacobites hoped to

restore to " the throne of his fathers " James Stuart, the son of James II., who is known in history as the Old Pretender. He married the Princess Sobieski, the daughter of King John, but he treated her so unkindly that at last she left him and spent the rest of her life in a nunnery. The story of her life is told in the historical novel, *Clementina*, by A. E. W. Mason, which you might mark for future reading, as it gives a good idea of the adventurous times in which she lived, and shows the daughter of a great general acting as bravely as her parentage might lead us to expect.

Although John Sobieski was a great general and a brave man, he had no real lasting influence on the Polish nation; and after his death the poor distracted central kingdom fell a prey to the surrounding princes, being subjected to a constant change of rulers and torn by religious quarrels. Then there arose on the western border of Poland the Prussian King known as Frederick the Great, who joined with the Tsar and the Emperor at Vienna to divide Poland into three parts. The Poles struggled manfully against the spoilers, and their last great struggle for independence is illuminated by the name of Kosciusko.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was a native of eastern Poland, and was trained as a soldier in a French military academy not long before the birth of

Napoleon. He fought bravely on the side of the American colonists in the War of Independence and as soon as he returned to Poland he took sides against the Russians. When in 1794 it was proposed to divide Poland among the three powers who coveted her fertile plains and her rich stores of minerals, he put himself at the head of the national party at Cracow and became commander-in-chief. But the Prussians took Cracow, and Russia took Wilna, and a little later Kosciusko was defeated by the Russians and made a prisoner, after fighting with great courage and receiving several severe wounds.

The Russians now entered Warsaw in force and the freedom of Poland was at an end. It remained for Catherine II. of Russia, as the chief enemy of Poland, to settle the manner in which the kingdom was to be cut up. Naturally she took the largest share, though Austria obtained valuable territories including Cracow and the famous salt mines so far from that city. Prussia also obtained a good share of the plunder. The King of Poland was taken to St. Petersburg, where he gave up his crown, and while this was going on Catherine passed away. Her son Paul was disposed to treat the Poles with kindness, and set free the patri-

acknowledge that the national life of Poland was over, and after living for some time at Philadelphia he came over to Paris.

Here he met the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, who greatly admired his qualities as a general, and asked him to take command of one of his divisions. Kosciusko gave his consent on condition that the restoration of Poland was to be made one of the chief objects of the military operations of France, and he hoped for the establishment of a republic in his country, possibly on the model of the United States. But Napoleon was not seeking the restoration and strengthening of Poland, however friendly such a European state might be to himself, and Kosciusko did not join his army, though he was urged to do so again and again. He remained in his home near Paris during the wars of Napoleon, and when the Allies came to Paris in 1814 he received a visit from the Tsar Alexander. He tried to gain the friendship of the Russian monarch for Poland, and urged upon him the claims of that country to unity and some measure of independence. But the Tsar tired of him, and Kosciusko retired to Switzerland, where he died two years after Waterloo.

Meanwhile many patriotic Poles had fought for Napoleon in the hope that he would help them to regain their independence. But they were dis-

appointed. "I have guaranteed to the Emperor of Austria," said Napoleon coldly, "the integrity of his dominions, and I cannot sanction any manœuvre or any movement that tends to trouble the quiet possession of what remains to him of the provinces of Poland." When the "settlement" of Europe was made after the fall of the great conqueror, Russia obtained the greater part of Poland, Prussia got a little more than she already held, and Austria kept Cracow and the precious salt mines of Wieliczka. Russian Poland was given self-government under the Tsar, and allowed to retain her own language, a national army, and a national flag; but in reality Poland as a separate country was extinct.

Thus Poland became what Catherine of Russia described as her "doormat," upon which she stepped when she set out to visit the West. The so-called "assassination" of Poland aroused a great deal of anger in England and other countries of western Europe, but the feeling ended in anger; and the pages of history of the following century were stained with other acts of international brigandage equally as wicked, though no instance is quite so "frightful" as the occupation of Belgium by the Germans in 1914 in flagrant violation of a treaty with which we shall deal in a later chapter.

THE STORY OF "THE HUNDRED DAYS"

WHEN Napoleon fell from his height of power in 1814 his former friends all turned against him—all except one, a Scotsman named Macdonald, whom he had made a marshal. Napoleon had now no more favours to bestow, and the men and women who had flattered him turned their attention to the new monarch, Louis XVIII. The latter seems to have been a heavy uninteresting person who thought that France stood where she did before the great Revolution, and had not brains enough to see that the nation had been completely changed.

In a very short time the new King made himself very unpopular throughout the whole of France, and news of this reached Napoleon in his "empire" of Elba. It was not long before he was prophesying to those about him that he would re-enter France and regain his throne without striking a single blow. This is exactly what he did. Early in March of the year 1815 he evaded his guards, crossed over to France, and marched by way of Lyons to Paris at the head of a few faithful soldiers.

"His old marshals," writes a historian, "that were now sent against him with orders to capture him, in the first place, had no sooner beheld that

Imperial figure that had led them to so many immortal victories than they forgot their formal duty, and instead of laying hands on him as a prisoner, they went down on their knees before him, offering him their lives. And so Napoleon entered Paris at the head of the whole of the French army, received by the people, who a few months ago had deserted him, with the most jubilant enthusiasm. The Bourbon fled, and thus began the third and shortest period of Napoleon's life, the so-called 'Hundred Days.' "

The conqueror quieted the doubters in France by promising a free Parliament and a system of government like that of Great Britain; and by doing so he showed, whatever his intentions may have been, that *he* had learnt the national lesson of the French Revolution. Then he tried to check the preparations of the Great Powers against him by assuring them that he did not mean to set out once more on a career of European victory; and by so doing he showed how little he understood the burning hatred against him fostered by the kings and nations whom he had humiliated in his hour of victory. The rest of Europe now united to hurl a million men against him. The number seems ridiculously small to us now!

We speak of the "Battle" of Waterloo, but we

IN THE LAND OF
THE FUTURE



ought rather to speak of the "campaign," for the struggle in Belgium really consisted of two double battles, one at Quatre-Bras and Ligny on 16th June, and another at Waterloo and Wavre on 18th June. In the first double engagement Wellington faced the French under Ney at Quatre-Bras, while the Prussian general, Blücher, known affectionately among his men as "Marshal Forwards," opposed Napoleon at Ligny. It is difficult to say precisely what happened that day, but the later course of events in outline appears to be as follows:—

Ney's force was stronger than Wellington's until the evening of the 16th, when the latter received reinforcements and repulsed his opponent, but was unable to go to the help of Blücher, who expected him. Meanwhile Napoleon only succeeded, after a long day's stubborn fighting, in driving Blücher from Ligny to Wavre; but he did not follow up Wellington at once, and the British general chose his own ground at Waterloo. Napoleon came up with him on the evening of the 17th.

On the following morning Blücher was at Wavre faced by the French under Grouchy, while Wellington was at Waterloo faced by Napoleon, and the issue of the day depended upon the junction of Blücher with Wellington or of Grouchy with his master. The fight at Waterloo was stern and dubious, and

all the published descriptions of the great contest—great for those days, but comparatively small now—give only partial accounts of the fighting. But through the smoke and confusion we can see the splendid stand of the heroic British infantry against repeated attacks of the flower of the French army; we can see Napoleon victorious in the centre for a time, then attacked on his right wing and in his rear by the Prussian army of Blücher, and finally driven from the field by a combined British and Prussian advance. Meanwhile Blücher had left Grouchy at Wavre, where he seems to have wandered about somewhat aimlessly, having lost his way.

The allied advance to Paris was a triumphal procession, and for a second time Louis XVIII. was restored, for he seemed to represent at least solidity and supposed safety to the sovereigns of Europe, most of whom had no love for Parliamentary government on the model of that of Britain. In the settlement that followed the ever-changing elastic frontiers of Europe were moved about in a manner which we of the "island kingdom" foolishly supposed had little to do with us. But I must ask your careful attention to the changes, for they really concern us very closely, as a little thought will serve to show: nor must we allow the "glory" and romance of Waterloo to blind us to the real

meaning of this settlement of the nations, temporary though it may have been and full of mischievous possibilities for the hundred years that were to follow. It was truly a settlement which settled nothing, as will be plainly seen from the later chapters of this book.

France was to go back in the matter of territory to where she stood before the Napoleonic wars began, while we gave back to her nearly all the colonies which we had taken during the war, but she had to pay a heavy indemnity for the loss she had caused to her enemies. Holland and Belgium were forced into an unnatural union to be known as the Kingdom of the Netherlands, a blend of Dutch and Flemish which was bound to prove unsatisfactory, sooner or later. Sweden gave up Finland to Russia and was joined into one kingdom with Norway, another mistake which was afterwards corrected. Italy was parcelled out in a way which caused continual friction for the next half-century. No attempt was made to revive that bogey known as the Holy Roman Empire, but Central Europe was arranged in a manner which took little or no account of racial differences.

Most of the old German states to the west of the Rhine were given to Prussia. Austria was united with the Kingdom of Hungary in another unnatural

alliance, while there was set up a "confederation" of German states, including both Prussia and Austria—yet another temptation to continual strife. When we look at the map of Europe as it appeared after the "Treaty of Paris" of November 1815 we begin to think that the old, simple, and comprehensive idea of a "world-empire" had something to recommend it.

But this is because the nations had not been arranged on a national or racial basis.

Meanwhile Napoleon, to whom the "settlement" must have been more amusing than edifying, had given himself up to the captain of the British war-ship *Bellerophon*, who wrote the following interesting account of the fallen conqueror:

"When he came on board the *Bellerophon*, on the 15th of July 1815, he wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year. He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were light grey, his hair of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black. His

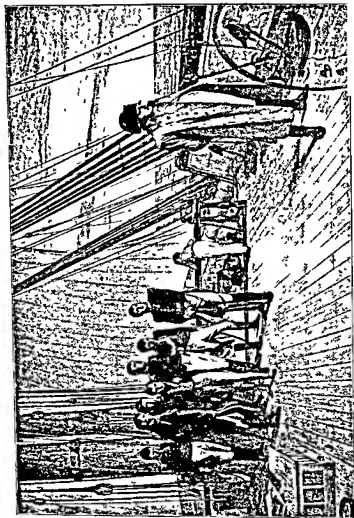
complexion was of a light sallow colour. His manners were extremely pleasing and affable; he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured in every way to promote good humour. He possessed, in a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation; this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing could show himself to advantage."

The great Emperor was sent to St. Helena, a British island in mid-Atlantic, with a guard of 4000 men, and there he lived as a prisoner for six years, dying of cancer at the early age of fifty-one.

NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO

(An editorial from the *Times* of 25th July 1815, when Captain Martland was bringing the *Bellerophon* into Torbay)

OUR paper of this day will satisfy the sceptics, for such there were beginning to be, as to the capture of that bloody miscreant who has so long tortured Europe, Napoleon Buonaparte. Savages are always found to unite the greatest degree of cunning to the ferocious part of their nature. The cruelty of this person is written in characters of blood in



AN ALLIANCE ON THE BATTLEFRONT

From the poster by C. M. J. this morning

almost every country in Europe, and in the contiguous angles of Africa and Asia which he visited; and nothing can more strongly evince the universal conviction of his low, perfidious craft than the opinion, which was beginning to get abroad, that, even after his capture had been officially announced both in France and England, he might yet have found means to escape.

However, all doubts upon this point are at an end, by his arrival off the British coast, and, if he be not now placed beyond the possibility of again outraging the peace of Europe, England will certainly never again deserve to have heroes such as those who have fought and bled at Waterloo for this his present overthrow. The lives of the brave men who fell on that memorable day will have been absolutely thrown away by a thoughtless country, the grand object obtained by their valour will have been frustrated, and we shall do little less than insult over their remains, almost before they have ceased to bleed. But Fortune, seconding their undaunted efforts, has put it in our power to do far otherwise.

Captain Sartorius of the *Slaney* frigate arrived yesterday with despatches from Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, confirming all the antecedent news of Buonaparte's surrender, with various

other details, and closing them by their natural catastrophe—his safe conveyance to England. He is, therefore, what we may call, here. Captain Sartorius delivered his despatches to Lord Melville at Wimbledon, by whom their contents were communicated to Lord Liverpool, at his seat at Coombe Wood ; summonses were immediately issued for a Cabinet Council to meet at 12 o'clock ; what passed there was, of course, not suffered to transpire ; our narrative must therefore revert to the *Slaney* frigate and the accounts brought by her. She had been sent forward by Captain Maitland to Plymouth with the despatches announcing that Buonaparte was on board the *Bellerophon* with a numerous suite. But it was the intention of Captain Maitland himself to proceed to Torbay, and not land his prisoners until he had received orders from Government.

Buonaparte's suite, as it is called, consists of upwards of forty persons, among whom are Bertrand, Savary, Lallemand, Gourgaud, and several women. He has been allowed to take on board carriages and horses, but admission was denied to about fifty cavalry, for whom he had the impudence to require accommodation. This wretch has really lived in the commission of every crime so long that he has lost all sight and knowledge of the difference that

almost every country in Europe, and in the contiguous angles of Africa and Asia which he visited; and nothing can more strongly evince the universal conviction of his low, perfidious craft than the opinion, which was beginning to get abroad, that, even after his capture had been officially announced both in France and England, he might yet have found means to escape.

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exists between good and evil, and hardly knows when he is doing wrong, except he be taught by proper chastisement. A creature—who ought to be greeted with a gallows as soon as he lands—to think of an attendance of fifty horsemen! He had at first wanted to make conditions with Captain Maitland as to his treatment, but the British officer very properly declared that he must refer him upon this subject to his Government.

When he had been some time on board, he asked the captain what chance two large frigates, well manned, would have with a seventy-four. The answer, we understand, which he received to this inquiry did not give him any cause to regret that he had not risked his fortune in a naval combat with the relative forces in question. By the way, we should not have been surprised if he had come into an action with the two frigates, and then endeavoured to escape in his own, and leave the other to her fate. It has been the constant trick of this villain, whenever he has got his companions into a scrape, to leave them in it and seek his own safety by flight. In Egypt, in the Moscow expedition, and at Waterloo such was his conduct.

* * * * *

The first procedure, we trust, will be a special Commission, or the appointment of a Court Martial,

to try him for the murder of Captain Wright.¹ It is nonsense to say, as some have, that Courts Martial are instituted only to try offences committed by soldiers of the country to which they belong—it was an American Court Martial that tried and shot Major Andre as a spy, and Buonaparte himself appointed commissions of all kinds, and in all countries, to try offences committed against himself.

THE PEACE TIME

THE story of Napoleon's career is a long record of battle and slaughter, and his movements fixed the attention of the whole of Europe during a period of twelve or thirteen years. The wars of this time were so engrossing that most people could think of little else, and there was not much opportunity for advancement in other directions. But when the danger was over, or nearly over, other matters began to claim attention. In the year when Napoleon was sent to Elba one of the chief questions in London was, "Who is the author of *Warbler*?" and the query continued to agitate the minds of all who could

¹ An English naval officer who by shipboard fell into French hands, and was taken to France at the time of a campaign against Napoleon in 1803. He was "laid out" as a spy, and afterwards being found out was ordered to jump.

appreciate a stirring story during the active preparations for Waterloo. At last the secret came out. The novelist was the Scottish lawyer, Walter Scott, and *Waverley* was the first of a long series of stories which was to include *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, *Quentin Durward*, and many other fascinating romances.

You will notice that not one of the tales mentioned above deals with the stirring time in which Scott was living. He had been very active, in spite of his lameness, in the volunteer movement during the time when Napoleon threatened to invade England, and he was quite aware of the real danger to his country. But when he took the pen in hand he went back to the Jacobite rebellions, to the heroic age of Richard Cœur de Lion, and to the history of France of the fifteenth century, anywhere, indeed, but to the battle-fields of Europe of his own day. He did, indeed, at a later time write a *Life of Napoleon*, but it was not a great work and is now little read. The time of great deeds is not as a rule the time of great writing, otherwise Shakespeare might have written a play on the Great Armada; for he was at the beginning of his great career as a dramatist when the ships of King Philip sailed for England.

Before *Waverley* appeared Scott had won great fame as a poet. His *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,

Lady of the Lake, and *Marmion* had appeared during the early part of Napoleon's career, and were very popular during the time when Wellington was fighting in the Peninsula. But in the year of the retreat from Moscow another poet, Lord Byron, "woke one morning and found himself famous" for the first part of his poem *Childe Harold* had appeared, and the new writer became so very popular that Scott took to prose— to our lasting delight and profit.

Byron's poem is really a poetical record of his own travels in Europe, during which he visited nearly all the scenes which had become famous during the great war with Napoleon, and here at least, we get some connection with the events of the time, for the poem was divided into four parts published at different dates, so that it carries us beyond the time of Waterloo. This gave the poet an opportunity of describing the night before that great contest in the well-known lines beginning

- * There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke a scorn,
And all were merry as a ring-dove's bell.
But hush! hush! a deep and deadly silence like a note of bell

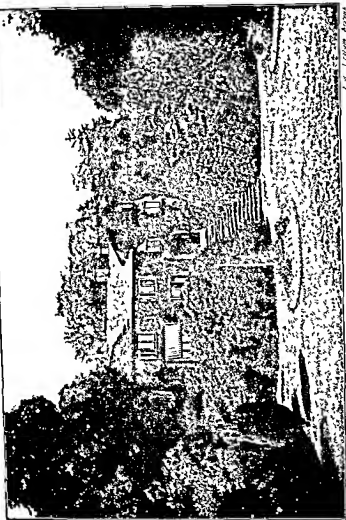
We shall read of Byron again, in close personal connection with real warfare.

When the Bastile fell William Wordsworth, our gentlest poet, wrote :

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven ! *oh, times,*
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance !

But the romance faded when Napoleon rose to power, and Wordsworth, who in his youth had offered himself as a French Revolutionary leader, went to the English Lake District to write "We are Seven," "Lucy Gray," and some of the most beautiful shorter poems in our language ! Nevertheless the stirring events of the time moved him profoundly, and it is said by some that he had Nelson in his mind when he wrote "The Happy Warrior."

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be ?
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S HOME. RYDAL MOUNT, ANBILLSIDE

The world to which Heaven has joined
 The world of men had for human kind,
 A man as a man; and attired
 The world in business like a man inspired.

While all the desperate fighting was going on,
 James Lamb and his sister Mary were writing
 that great work *Statespeare*, which every British
 man ought to have read; and
 during the time of the final struggle with the world-
 conqueror Lamb was quietly writing essays on
 "Old China" and "Roast Pig."
 The world was the same, and if the French
 had done his best in a military
 way, and then would probably have written a most
 stirring story on the "invasion," in which there
 would have been no hatred of any one, and a good
 many laughs against himself.

One of the men who went to the Congress of
 Vienna to help Napoleon to help in the
 peace of Europe was a German named
 Grimm. He was very learned in grammar and
 history. He wrote the author, with his brother
 Jacob, a famous book than Grimm's
 "Grimm's Fairy Tales." "Hans in
 the Iron Shoes" and other splendid
 tales were collected from the peasants of

Germany while the great Emperor was marching and ever marching. Grimm's chief grievance against the French leader seems to have been that he stole some of his beloved books, and he twice went to Paris to bring them back. In the year of Trafalgar a boy was born in the Baltic island of Funen whose name was Hans Christian Andersen, and whose stories have won a real world-victory, having conquered every civilised country of the globe.

There was a famous Prussian present at the Congress of Vienna whose name was Humboldt. During the discussions he said to the French representative, "Might is Right, and we do not recognise the law of nations to which you have appealed." One hundred years later Prussia, at the head of the German Empire, acted upon this belief and devastated Belgium whom she had pledged her word to protect. Yet the man who said these words was the author of some of the most beautiful letters and other prose pieces ever written in the German language; and he was the brother of one of the greatest naturalists who have ever lived.

But the greatest of all German writers was Goethe, who has been called the "German Shakespeare," and whose *Faust* appeared in the first year of the Peninsular War. The subject of the great drama has nothing to do with the never-ceasing

east of Central Europe, although the author in his youth had seen the French in occupation of his native city Frankfurt, which was to him what Jerusalem was to Sir Walter Scott. You may never be able to read *Faust* in the language in which it was written, but you can do so in English some day, and you ought to remember that it ranks with the greatest poems of all ages and all lands.

When Napoleon set up the new German kingdom in Westphalia and placed his brother Jerome on the throne in the year 1806, the latter invited to his court from the various German states Beethoven, who afterwards went to Vienna. Beethoven was one of the greatest of composers, and was honoured throughout Europe, but when about forty years of age lost the hearing, and became totally deaf. His affliction bitterly embittered the last years of his life, though he went on composing long after he had ceased to hear himself play. About a year after Napoleon joined Jerome Bonaparte, who had been born in Berlin, and he lived in Berlin until the fall of the greatest of German emperors.

Beethoven was one of the great men who were living in the time of Napoleon, and his name was rising rapidly to the height of his fame. The names of the great men of the world are remembered with affection.

when that of the conqueror is remembered only with aversion or as a warning.

PREPARATIONS FOR PEACEFUL PROGRESS

IN the year of Napoleon's exile to Elba, George Stephenson produced his first locomotive. A little thought will serve to show that this event was of wider importance than many of Napoleon's greatest victories. Stephenson's engine was not the first of its kind, and he was not the "inventor of the locomotive," but it was a great improvement on other attempts, for it had smooth wheels and successfully drew a load of 30 tons up an incline of 1 in 450 at four miles per hour. He went on making improvements, taking out a patent four months before Waterloo for a locomotive which was the forerunner of the engines which did a great deal to advance the cause of peaceful progress made possible by the decisive work of Wellington and Blücher on the field of Waterloo. Ten years after Waterloo the Stockton and Darlington line was opened.

While we had been engaged in the long and bitter struggle with France, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright, and Watt had been busy preparing the way for Britain's victories in the

manufacturing world ; and it only needed a period of peace for their devoted work to make itself felt in rendering life happier and more comfortable. Hargreaves made the spinning-jenny, Arkwright the spinning-frame, and Crompton the mule,¹ while about the time of Trafalgar Dr. Cartwright produced the " power loom," which could be worked by the machine produced by the great engineer, James Watt. The work of improving these machines went steadily on during the fighting time, and when peace came at last our mills and factories were ready to some extent for the great demand for cotton and woollen cloth, as well as linens and muslins, which arose.

From a letter written in 1807 by the father of Lord Macaulay, the historian, I take the following extract. The writer has been to a " mechanical exhibition " in London, and is describing his visit to his wife.

" We next went to see the gas-lights which are a late invention by which it is proposed to produce immense savings in the article of candles. The light is produced by the contact of what is called hydrogen gas with common air, which immediately produces a bright flame. The gas is emitted from tubes which communicate with the reservoir where

¹ See *Progress to History*, Book IV.



JAMES WATT AND THE ITA-KETTLE — MARCUS STONE, R.A.

By permission of Messrs H. Graves & Co. Ltd.

the gas is produced by a certain process; and in this way, by means of those pipes, may all the rooms of a house be brilliantly illuminated at once, and at any hour of the night! You have only to turn a tap, and immediately a stream of light flows into the apartment. The flame emits no spark whatever, so that there is no danger of fire from it."

The "gas-lights" were already attracting great attention, and for some years the factory of Watt the engineer at Birmingham had been illuminated by means of coal-gas. The first Gas Company was formed while Wellington was fighting in Spain, and about the time of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow Westminster Bridge was lighted by means of gas. After that coal-gas steadily conquered oil and candles, and before long began to be used in factories and workshops for purposes other than illumination.

Meanwhile many quiet workers were investigating the possibilities of electricity, especially in connection with what came to be known as the telegraph. Fifty years before Nelson's great victories a doctor of the Scottish town of Renfrew had described "an expeditious method of conveying intelligence" from one place to another by means of electric power, and had made some experiments in his own town. But the electric telegraph did not appear until the year of Queen Victoria's accession, 1837, and the

credit for the invention must be about equally shared between England and America. It was a good many years before the public realised the practical value of the new invention; and it is said that it was only when a notorious criminal was arrested by means of a telegram sent from Slough to Paddington that ordinary people began to think that, after all, the telegraph might be useful.

During the turmoil of the French Revolution certain progressive men were busy in England, France, and America with experiments on the use of steam power for propelling boats; and some six years before the great outbreak a paddle steam-boat made successful runs on the Rhone near Lyons, but the inventor was unable to go on with his work when the Revolution broke out. A few years later further experiments were made in America on the River Delaware, and a paddle steamer was actually used on that river as a passenger boat. Meanwhile Scotland was also busy with the same problem, and one day in the year before the outbreak of the Revolution a demonstration with a small paddle boat was made on a lake in a gentleman's Dumfriesshire estate in the presence of Robert Burns, the famous Scottish poet, and a boy who afterwards became Lord Brougham and Lord Chancellor of England. The man who was most keenly interested

in this trial was the owner of the estate, Patrick Miller, a retired Edinburgh banker, who in the following year had a more powerful boat built for him, which was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

The first practically successful steamboat ever built was the *Charlotte Dundas*, which was launched at Grangemouth in 1802, and used for towing purposes on the above-named canal. This boat proved a failure, but in 1807 Robert Fulton launched the *Clermont* on the River Hudson, and was the first to make the steamboat a commercial success. Five years later Henry Bell, a Scottish millwright, launched the *Comet* at Port-Glasgow on the Clyde, and she plied for some time on this river at a rate of about five miles an hour. The building of steamships was now fairly established, and the Clyde shipyards took the lead in their construction. In the year of Napoleon's exile to Elba the first steamship appeared on the Thames, having been brought by sea from Dumbarton, occupying six days on the journey. Four years after Waterloo the *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic from America to Liverpool, and took twenty-five days on the journey.

Robert Fulton, who was an American, also made interesting experiments with the early submarine. He built a boat in France and succeeded in interesting the French Government in it, making trial trips

on the Seine and at Brest. Compressed air was used, and it is reported that the inventor remained at a depth of 25 feet for four hours, steering his submarine in all directions. He also used a torpedo charged with gunpowder and blew up an old ship lying in the harbour at Brest. It was in the year 1803 that Fulton took his invention to the French Government, that is to say, at the time when Napoleon was contemplating an invasion of England. It is said that Fulton personally laid his plans before Napoleon, who was at first attracted by them, but later made merry over them as he did over the idea of a ship being propelled by steam.

In the year of the Battle of Leipzig a boy named Henry Bessemer was born at Charlton, Herts, who in the middle of the nineteenth century invented a new process for making steel which increased the production of that article thirty-fold in a few years. Eight years after Waterloo, Karl Wilhelm Siemens was born at Lenthe in Hanover, and he continued the work of Bessemer in England, where he became a naturalised subject. The work of these men belongs, of course, to a later time than that of Napoleon, but they grew up in a world prepared for changes, and their inventions had a great deal to do with the substitution of steel for wood in the building of ships.

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many of the best Englishmen for a long time ; and the result of the conversation was the introduction of a Bill for the abolition of the traffic in human lives.

But if slaves were set free labour on the plantations of the West Indies and elsewhere would become more expensive, and the merchants of Liverpool successfully opposed the Bill, which was thrown out. But Wilberforce went on strenuously with his noble work of convincing people of the iniquity of the slave trade, and in 1807 the British Parliament decided that from henceforth no man or woman could be held in bondage by another wherever the British flag was flown.

THE SAFETY LAMP

(The story of an interesting experiment in the year of Waterloo¹)

IN the month of August 1815, George Stephenson requested his friend, Nicholas Wood, to prepare a drawing of a lamp according to the description which he gave him. After several evenings' careful deliberations the drawing was made, and shown to some of the head men about the works.

Stephenson proceeded to order a lamp to be made

¹ From the *Life of George Stephenson*, by Samuel Smiles

by a Newcastle tinman, according to his plan ; and at the same time he directed a glass to be made for the lamp. Both were received by him from the makers on the 21st October, and the lamp was taken to Killingworth for the purpose of immediate experiment.

" I remember that evening as distinctly as if it had been but yesterday," said Robert Stephenson in 1857. " Moodie came to our cottage about dusk, and asked if father had got back yet with the lamp. ' No.' ' Then I'll wait till he comes,' said Moodie ; ' he can't be long now.' "

" In about half an hour in came my father, his face all radiant. He had the lamp with him ! It was at once uncovered and shown to Moodie. Then it was filled with oil, trimmed and lighted.

" All was ready, only the head-viewer hadn't arrived. ' Run over to Benton for Nicol, Robert,' said my father to me, ' and ask him to come directly ; say we're going down the pit to try the lamp.' By this time it was quite dark ; and off I ran to bring Nicholas Wood. His house was at Benton, about a mile off. There was a short cut through the church-yard, but just as I was about to pass the wicket, I saw what I thought was a white figure moving about amongst the grave-stones. I took it for a ghost !

" My heart fluttered and I was in a great fright

but to Wood's house I must get, so I made the circuit of the churchyard ; and when I got round to the other side I looked and lo ! the figure was still there ! But what do you think it was ? Only the grave-digger plying his work at that late hour by the light of his lanthorn, set upon one of the gravestones ! I found Wood at home, and in a few minutes he was mounted and off to my father's. When I got back I was told they had just left—it was about eleven—and gone down the shaft to try the lamp in one of the most dangerous parts of the mine."

Arrived at the bottom of the shaft with the lamp, the party directed their steps towards one of the foulest galleries in the pit, where the explosive gas was issuing through a blower in the roof of the mine with a loud hissing noise. By erecting some deal boarding round that part of the gallery into which the gas was escaping, the air was made more foul for the purpose of the experiment.

After waiting about an hour, Moodie, whose practical experience of fire-damp in pits was greater than that of either Stephenson or Wood, was requested to go into the place which had thus been made foul ; and, having done so, he returned, and told them that the smell of the air was such that if a lighted candle were now introduced an explosion must inevitably take place.

He cautioned Stephenson as to the danger both to themselves and to the pit if the gas took fire. But Stephenson declared his confidence in the safety of his lamp, and, having lit the wick, he boldly proceeded with it towards the explosive air. The others, more timid and doubtful, hung back when they came within hearing of the blower; and apprehensive of the danger, they retired into a safe place, out of sight of the lamp, which gradually disappeared with its bearer in the recesses of the mine.

Advancing to the place of danger, and entering within the fouler air, his lighted lamp in hand, Stephenson held it firmly out, in the full current of the blower and within a few inches of its mouth! Thus exposed, the flame of the lamp at first increased, then flickered, and then went out; but there was no explosion of the gas. Returning to his companions, who were still at a distance, he told them what had occurred.

Having now acquired somewhat more confidence, they advanced with him to a point from which they could observe him repeat his experiment, but still at a safe distance. They saw that when the lighted lamp was held within the explosive mixture there was a great flame, the lamp became almost full of fire, and then it smothered out.

Again returning to his companions, he relighted



GEORGE STEPHENSON

*From an engraving after John Lucas
By permission of Messrs H. Graves & Co. Ltd.*

the lamp, and repeated the experiment several times with the same result. At length Wood and Moodie ventured to advance close to the fouled part of the pit ; and in making some of the later trials, Mr. Wood himself held up the lighted lamp to the blower.

Before leaving the pit, Stephenson expressed his opinion that by an alteration of the lamp, which he then contemplated, he could make it burn better.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF GREECE

WHEN the "settlement" was made after Waterloo the Christian kings of Europe made no attempt to deal with the people ruled by the Mohammedan Turks, who occupied the whole of the south-eastern portion of the continent up to the 45th parallel. Yet some of these were Christian nations more or less under the rule of the Sultan at Constantinople, and among them the foremost in education and national unity were the Greeks. Six years after Waterloo these people rose against the Turks, determined to strike a desperate blow for independence. They remembered what Ancient Greece had done for the world, and what Greek scholars had done for Europe in the Middle Ages ; and they believed that once they were freed from the domination of the

Turks they could again take a worthy place among the nations.

In less than a year the Turks were turned out of Greece; and if their leaders had remained united the Greeks might have gone on from victory to victory, for the hatred of the Asiatic Turk was bitter in the extreme. But disputes arose amongst them. The Turks gathered strength, beat down their resistance, and commenced a series of horrible massacres which had up to that time no parallel in history. When the Greeks saw their opportunity they retaliated in the same fashion, and the country was for a time in a state of absolute blood-thirsty madness.

The cruelty of the Turks now began to enlist sympathy for the Greeks in western Europe, and especially in England. One of the warmest and most picturesque supporters of Greek independence was the poet, Lord Byron, who as a scholar knew what Greece had done for the world in the old days, and had sung of her ancient glories and modern misery in stirring verse.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except that sun, is set.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must we but blush ?—Our fathers' blood
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

A committee of British sympathisers was formed in London, and Byron, who was then living in Italy, associated himself with it, and in July 1823 set out for Greece. He sailed from Genoa in the brig *Heracles*. The voyage keenly roused the poet's interest, and he remarked to the captain of the brig after seeing Etna and Stromboli, "You will see these things in a fifth canto of *the little Harold*."

Write it now, said the captain; and the poet tried to do so, but threw away his verses in disgust. "I cannot write poetry at will," he said, "as you smoke tobacco."

In August the party reached the island of Cephalonia, where the poet took a house and began negotiations with various Greek parties who were quarrelling with one another. One party hinted that Byron might become king of the new country, and he is reported to have said, "If they make me the offer I will perhaps not reject it." In his island home he made a show of royalty, kept his servants fully armed, and made them wear gilt helmets, while he



LORD BYRON

From the painting by Thomas Phillips, R. A., in the National Portrait Gallery

surrounded himself with a bodyguard of Sulis, the latter quarrelled daily with each other. The master sent them across the strait to the mainland, where their fiery valour doubtless prove more valuable, for the island threatened with siege by the Turks.

After a period of delay a Greek squadron at Mesolonghi, and Byron set out to join it, to take a personal share in the great struggle, his good sense now told him that little of the was to be expected from the Greeks, who had centuries lived as abject slaves under their Turkish masters. He was received at Mesolonghi with acclamation, and immediately organised an expedition, taking five hundred of the wild Suliotes into pay.

The poet manfully did his best to unite all parties against the common foe, but he had an almost hopeless task, and the anxieties of the time began to affect his health in a very serious manner. One day he took a long ride, was caught in a shower, and returned home in a boat, saying with a laugh to those who warned him against exposure, "I should make a pretty soldier if I were to care for such a trifle." The result of the wetting was a chill of which he died in a few days.

The poet's effort

but his share in the struggle directed attention to the state of affairs in the "Near East," and before long England, France, and Russia had entered the fight against Turkey. The most exciting episode of the struggle was the naval fight at Navarino in the south of the Morean Peninsula, which was a really decisive battle, for it practically secured Greek independence, and is therefore worthy of our attention, especially as the British force was by far the most powerful of the allies.

The British admiral was Sir Edward Codrington, and on 20th October 1827 he led the combined squadrons, numbering twenty-six vessels in all, towards the Bay of Navarino, where the ships of the Turks were anchored, moored in the form of a crescent, and in command of Ibrahim Pasha.

When the allied fleet had entered the bay, a boat was at once sent from a Turkish fort carrying a message to the effect "that as Ibrahim Pasha had not given any orders or permission for the allied fleet to enter, it was requested that they would again put to sea." Codrington replied "that he was not come to receive orders but to give them; that if any shot were fired at the allied fleet, the Turkish fleet would be destroyed." Shots *were* fired, and a British lieutenant with several men were killed, whereupon the action became general and continued for four hours.

At the end of that period the Turkish fleet almost entirely destroyed, each ship as disabled being deserted by her crew, after being set on fire. This caused frequent explosions rendered the situation of the allied ships dangerous in the extreme.

There were many people in England terrified by this destruction of the Turkish fleet was by no means pleasing, for they dreaded the power of Russia in south-eastern Europe and preferred to see the Turks maintain a strong hold on the eastern Mediterranean which commands the way to India. But the effect of the battle, as I have said, was decisive enough so that the Greeks were concerned, for Turkey had now lost the hope of being able to suppress the Greek insurrection and in the following year the Turks were forced to acknowledge the independence of the Morean Peninsula. The troubles of Greece were, however, not yet over, for, as we have seen, she was not blessed with a really great leader who could unite the country and calm the differences of the angry parties into which the people were divided. After a time they agreed to accept a German prince, Otho of Bavaria, as their king; but his reign was not a success from the point of view of freedom, and in spite of her independence Greece did not at once get rid of much account.

other troubles at a later period in the history of the nineteenth century.

Meanwhile we must note that the Battle of Navarino, by the destruction of the Turkish fleet, had prepared the way for the advance of Russia in south-eastern Europe ; and the unsettled state of this part of the continent resolved itself into the troubling and baffling Eastern Question, which was to engage the attention of British and other statesmen for many long and anxious years.

BELGIAN NEUTRALITY AND THE "SCRAP OF PAPER"

HALF a century before the birth of Christ, the Celtic people known as the Belgæ were fighting bravely against the first Caesar of history. As I write these words the modern Belgians are engaged in a desperate struggle against the German Kaiser, who, like the *Caesars of Rome*, aspired to be lord of Europe, and like those early conquerors, too, found himself checked by a people of whom he took little account. Modern Belgium dates from 1830, as we shall see, but the history of the people of the country takes us back to a time when both Germany and Britain were peopled by wild tribes without any pretence to culture or even civilisation.

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The Belgae rose against the Roman Caesar in league with other tribes of Gaul, the great north-western land now known as France which the legions had come to add to the Empire. The leader of the revolt was a brave chieftain named Vercingetorix, and his men appear to have concentrated near Reims, where Caesar marched against them and checked their advance at the passage of the Aisne. There was much fierce fighting before the rising against the Romans was finally crushed in a battle on the banks of the Sambre, in which Caesar himself was obliged to take a personal part. After this "all Gaul," including the lands of the Belgae, passed under the rule of the lords of Rome, who could now turn their undivided attention to the conquest of Britain.

But the Belgian race and the Belgian name was not stamped out, for a conqueror may kill the body but he cannot kill the soul; and through all the chequered centuries which followed this nation kept its individuality, until it finally won the admiration of the whole world by its resistance to a German "Caesar" under a new Vercingetorix, Albert, King of the Belgians.

After the downfall of the Roman Empire the ill-defined Belgian land had a very varied history, forming from its unfortunate geographical position a contending ground between the Franks and the

Germans. The country was parcelled out among various counts, who became more or less independent of each other. Then it passed into the hands of Spain, when it was known as the Spanish Netherlands, and later became the Austrian Netherlands. Napoleon united it to France and gave it the code of laws which he had drawn up "based upon Roman law added to *common sense*." The great Napoleon fell, as we have seen, and the country was united with Holland in 1815 under William Frederick of Nassau as king.

This was a grievous mistake, for the Dutch and Belgian people differed in every possible way. The former were ardent Protestants while most of the Belgians were Roman Catholics. The Dutch were sailors and traders while the Belgians were for the most part manufacturers, for they held great supplies of coal and iron. When the King declared that Dutch was to be the official language of the new country the Belgian people very naturally objected, for those who did not speak French spoke *Flemish*, which is a blend of French and Dutch. Rebellion broke out in Brussels in 1830, and the King's son, who commanded the national troops, was driven from that city, where a new Government was set up which declared Belgium an independent country. The Dutch bombarded Antwerp, but this action only

The document signed by the Powers in 1831 was known as "The Treaty of 18 Articles," and I give you here the exact wording of two of these articles:

"Art. 9. Belgium, within the limits traced in conformity with the principles laid down in the present preliminaries, shall form a perpetually neutral State. The Five Powers, without wishing to intervene in the internal affairs of Belgium, *guarantee her that perpetual neutrality as well as the integrity and inviolability of her territory in the limits mentioned.*

"Art. 10. By just reciprocity Belgium shall be held to observe this same neutrality toward all the other States and to make no attack on their internal or external tranquillity whilst *always preserving the right to defend herself against any foreign aggression.*"

This arrangement was followed up in 1839 by a treaty accepted by Belgium and by the King of the Netherlands, as I have said, and the article in this later treaty which concerns Belgian neutrality runs as follows:

"Belgium within the limits defined shall form an independent and perpetually neutral State. *She is obligated to preserve this neutrality against all the other States.*"

To this treaty the representatives of the five Powers solemnly put their hands.

By this arrangement Belgium was placed in an

exceptionally favoured position. She could not be traversed by armies from Germany marching into France, by French armies marching into Germany, or by a British force acting against either of these countries. She was the creation of the Great Powers, and could not exist without them, though she owed her national existence to their standing fear of each other. Placed in this position of advantage, the young state rapidly developed in commerce and manufactures as well as in political freedom. She had a sea-board right in the centre of the commercial world, plentiful stores of coal and iron, numerous rivers and canals, and command of capital from surrounding countries; for it was felt that investments in Belgian concerns were safe enough, surrounded as the country was by a ring of powerful friends. The country kept an army, but for a long time it was considered as of little military value, and to become a member of this force was, in a sense, equivalent to retiring for a well-earned rest!

LOUIS KOSSUTH, THE PATRIOT OF HUNGARY

DURING the time of the Norman Conquest of England the kingdom of Hungary¹ was one of the most

¹ The Magyars of Hungary are to be distinguished from the fierce



A STIRRING EPISODE IN LARVA HUNTING HISTORY - A HORDE OF COUNT ZINVI
WASIN THE TURKS IN 1866

From a print after J. G. R. A. Ruff

Charta: "That no man shall be either accused or arrested, sentenced or punished for a crime, unless he receive a legal summons and until a judicial enquiry into his case shall have taken place."

For two hundred years after the granting of the Golden Bull the kingdom of Hungary maintained its strength and independence in spite of fierce attacks from the Mongols of Asia, and in the fifteenth century she was the most powerful state in Central Europe. Under King Matthias she attained to greater glory, forming the outpost of Christianity against the Turks. King Matthias was so wise, just, powerful, and learned that after his death the proverb arose, "King Matthias is dead; there is no more justice." The end of the reign of this ruler marks the beginning of trouble for Hungary; and in the fierce struggles which followed the Austrian princely house of the Hapsburgs gained a footing in the country, with the result that both liberty and Protestantism were submerged and Hungary was left with only memories and faint hopes to console her.

But she kept alive at least the legend of her independence, and when an Austrian prince assumed the sacred crown of St. Stephen of Hungary he was still obliged to promise consideration for the rights and ancient privileges of the Diet of the country. On leaving the cathedral after his coronation he

was conducted on horseback to a circular mound on the banks of the Danube near Presburg, where, after repeating his coronation oath, he ascended to the top and pointed with his sword, to north, south, east, and west, to indicate his determination to defend his kingdom against all comers. Hapsburg princes imposing their rule upon Hungary would, of course, have no objection to taking their part in this "interesting" historical ceremony.

But to the minds of Hungarian patriots the ceremony was not a mere reminder of past greatness. It was a symbol of hope for the restoration of an independent Hungarian state; and this hope revived very brightly in the time of Louis Kossuth, a Hungarian of noble rank, who in 1832, the year of the passing of our Reform Bill, became a deputy or member of the Hungarian Diet at Presburg. Kossuth threw himself heart and soul into the work of the patriotic party and soon became its ardent leader. He was a little too ardent for the Austrian Government and even for some of his own friends, and it was not long before he suffered a term of imprisonment for the ideas which he advocated in his writings.

But there were many younger men in the country who saw in Kossuth the herald of a new and glorious era for Hungary. Before long he had a large follow-

ing of these eager patriots who were working for the greater freedom of the peasants, many of whom were little better than serfs; and he became the head of a Committee of National Defence which was prepared to fight Austria.

In the spring of the following year the Austrian Government took away from Hungary her constitution, but the national council met at Debreczin, whither Kossuth had conveyed the sacred crown, sceptre, and sword of St. Stephen, and here he persuaded the Assembly to declare that "The House of Hapsburg, perjured in the sight of God and man, has forfeited the throne of Hungary, and there now appointed Governor of Hungary, and there were of course many who said that he aimed at wearing the sacred crown himself.

The new Governor now hoped for the help of France and England in the fight for independence, but though there were many people in western Europe who sympathised with the aims of the Hungarian patriots, their Governments did not intend to interfere. Kossuth tried to rouse the Hungarians to a desperate effort, but they were not absolutely united, and when he found that the soldier Gorgei offered from him as to the wisest course of action he gave up his position as "uncrowned King of Hungary." It was not long before the Austrian

troops had asserted their authority, while Russia also took sides against the patriots ; and Kossuth fled to Turkey, whence he escaped in an American warship to England.

Here he was received with respect and sympathy, and he made a tour of the country, during which he was greeted with great enthusiasm, especially in the large cities of the North, where his eloquence stirred the enthusiasm of crowded meetings. At Birmingham he plainly asked for more than sympathy, and possibly helped to inflame English feeling against Russia, which was to have an outlet in a few short years.

"Your Hampdens, your Russells and Sidneys were also called revolutionists in their turn ; and so, may God bless me, I will never long for a brighter fame than theirs. . . . I take a revolution for a very great misfortune, but I also own that an oppressed people, seeing every other means of preservation fail, has a right to make a revolution. The people of England must acknowledge this truth, because the freedom and greatness of England arises from its practical success.

"The finger of God is stretched out over Europe ; there are but two cases possible ; the one is that the crisis of approaching events will place the governments one against another on Europe's

neck upon the head, and there will be in Europe neither peace nor tranquillity, but a continued boiling of volcano, and Europe a great barrack and a great field of blood."

Kossuth went on to America, where he was made the guest of the nation, and then returned to England, where he was in residence during the fight with Russia, which forms the subject of a later chapter. Meanwhile Hungary still remained "in captivity."

THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS

THE long peace which followed Waterloo gave the British people an opportunity of setting their own house in order, or, in other words, of making changes for the better in their plans for governing themselves. The methods of electing members of Parliament were very bad and full of scandalous abuses. Seats could be bought by wealthy people and were occasionally sold to the highest bidders. Influential families had gained the "right" of sending their own sons and nephews to the House of Commons, and when voting was indulged in there was a great deal of direct and indirect bribery. Old towns which had fallen into decay still sent members to Parliament; and new towns which had increased in population,



LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

By permission of Messrs H. Graves & Co., Ltd.

temper to deal with kings, and a French Republic was proclaimed.

The Republicans now fell out among themselves and there was terrible bloodshed in Paris. Then Prince Louis Napoleon, nephew of the first Napoleon, saw his chance to become President. "I accept the candidature," he said, "because France regards the name I bear as one that may serve to consolidate society." He was elected in December, and the good people of Britain who knew their history must have been somewhat disturbed at their Christmas festivities when they learnt that France was indulging in "memories of the Napoleonic legend and dreams of a glorious future"—with a new Napoleon as the master of a young and excitable French Republic! Such doings as these threw the excitement over our Reform Bill somewhat into the shade.

Once more the monarchs of Europe began to tremble for their thrones. There was a man in Italy named Giuseppe Mazzini, who dreamed of a united nation in the southern peninsula free from the domination of Austria which still held some of the most fertile and prosperous parts of the country. He wrote, spoke, and plotted against the Austrian power, and before long there was a strong national party in Italy which looked to Charles Albert of Piedmont and Sardinia as its champion against

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The Act set right many abuses, and marks an important step forward in the establishment of better methods of parliamentary government. But it is important that we should regard this movement in Britain as part of a larger movement in Europe towards the winning of popular freedom. The writings, speeches, and actions of such men as Lord Byron were having their effect, and the government of kings unchecked by popular assemblies was on its trial.

France was now under the rule of Louis Philippe, who, like George III. of England, believed that a king should rule as well as reign, and chose to call himself King of France instead of King of the French. It was not long before Paris was the seat of ferment of discontent, and meetings were held to demand reforms on behalf of the workers who now point to Britain as their pattern in making an enlightened government. The King tried to suppress these meetings, and the mob came into conflict with the gendarmes. The National Guard went out to suppress the rioters and promptly joined to their side demanding "reform," which was the watchword of the time. The King tried to win back the National Guard, and in July of 1848 he fled to England. His son, Louis Philippe, was now in exile.

Independence. This famous soldier was born at Nice of Italian parents, and like most healthy boys developed a craving for the sea, which lay at a stone's throw from his father's door. So he ran away, for his father wished to make him a landsman, and, if possible, a priest.

"Tired of school," he wrote in after years, "and bored with the prospect of a stay-at-home life, I suggested one day to some companions of my own age that we should run away to Genoa to seek our fortunes. No sooner said than done; we seized a boat, got some provisions and fishing tackle aboard, and sailed off eastward. We were already off Monaco, when a craft sent by my good father overhauled us, and back we were taken. It was humiliating. A priest had revealed our flight."

The adventurer was now shipped as a cabin-boy and gradually worked himself up to be master of a vessel, visiting many ports in the Mediterranean and Black Seas. On one voyage he saw Rome for the first time, and the sight fired his imagination in a way which he only understood later in life when he wrote:

"The Rome I beheld with my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future—the Rome that I, though shipwrecked, dying, banished to the farthest depths of the American forest, have never

despaired of; the idea of a great nation, the dominant thought and inspiration of my whole life. It was then that she grew dearer to me than anything else on earth. . . . For my Rome was Italy—the symbol of one united Italy.”

As a very young man Garibaldi joined the “Young Italy” party, which had pledged itself to rouse the spirit of Italian liberty and to fight for this cause to the death, and he was soon one of the leaders in the movement. He hurried off to Marseilles and allied himself with Mazzini, but it was not long before he was outlawed and condemned to be shot—if he could be found. For two years he evaded the spies of King Charles Albert, and then sailed for Rio de Janeiro.

In Brazil he took part in revolutionary fighting, married a girl named Anita Riberas, whom he greeted at their first meeting with the words, “Thou oughtest to be mine,” and at length set out for Italy in 1848, where the “Young Italy” party was now in great need of a leader such as he. He arrived at Nice in June, and though King Charles Albert received him coldly, he was soon engaged in the fighting, which, as I have said, was for the time indecisive.

When the fighting in the North was over, Garibaldi went off at the head of a small body of volunteers to Rome, which was under the government of the

Pope. In a short time a Roman Republic was proclaimed with Mazzini at its head. But the new state was brought to an end by the soldiers of Louis Napoleon of France, who restored the Pope and his cardinals to power—for at that time the head of the Roman Catholic Church was also a temporal prince ruling the "papal States" of Central Italy.

THE WORK OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A FEW years after Kossuth's tour through England we were fighting against Russia, with France as our ally, and on behalf of Turkey, whose fleet we had destroyed at Navarino. You may find it hard to understand this sudden change, but you must remember that in the latter half of the nineteenth century the people of Britain were very much afraid of Russia's advance towards Constantinople, and were ready to support Turkey in order to keep her back. It was thought that Russia's presence on the Dardanelles would be a menace to Egypt and interfere with our free intercourse with India through the Suez Canal, and many people believed that Russia had direct designs upon India itself. We must remember this feeling when we come to consider what is known as the Crimean War of 1854-56.

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THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA

Excerpt from the Memoirs of the Russian War, 1854-55.

Sebastopol, in the western part of the Crimea. The fighting was therefore confined to a comparatively small area in a country far removed from both France and Britain.

The opposing forces were soon in conflict on the heights above the River Alma, where the Russian batteries and redoubts were stormed by the British with a gallantry which was worthy of better leadership and which was largely wasted; for the retreat of the Russians was not pressed, and the allies sat down before Sebastopol, into which the Russian general had thrown all his men. The siege which now began lasted for no less than eleven months, and cost more than 100,000 lives. The Russians made two attempts to raise the siege, each of which led to a battle.

The first was the Battle of Balaclava on 25th October 1854, in which the main advance of the Russians was checked by the splendid charge of Scarlett's heavy dragoons, who hurled back thrice their number of Russian horse. "During the fight," we read, "Scarlett slashed right and left indiscriminately, far too jostled to single out any individual antagonist, and though he received many an ill-directed blow and many a slight sword cut, he escaped without a serious wound. The top of his massive brass helmet, however, had been stove in with a powerful blow."

Then followed the fatal and desperate "Charge of the Light Brigade," which, rather unfairly, overshadows Scarlett's more useful exploit.

An indecisive order sent by Lord Raglan was misinterpreted by Lord Lucan, who hurled the famous "six hundred" or six hundred and seventy at the centre of the Russian line. Encircled on three sides, the heroic horsemen rode down the "valley of death," captured the guns and spiked them. Then they rode back, no attempt having been made to follow up their attack with infantry, and reached their lines again, leaving about two hundred and sixty men killed or wounded behind them. The battle practically ended in a draw.

Rather more than a week later, the Russians made another attempt to break through the lines of the besiegers, advancing in force against the allied position on the heights of Inkermann. Owing to a thick fog, the presence of the enemy was not realised by the British until they were at close quarters, and the fight which followed is known as "the soldiers' battle," because the generals and other officers were unable to lead. It is significant of the value of their leadership that the French and British completely repulsed a force of more than twice their number.

Meanwhile the unprepared state of the British

army was showing itself in the lack of attention to the wounded who were taken to the Turkish hospital at Scutari, near Constantinople. Tales of their sufferings reached the ears of the people of England and one statesman asked a question which in those days voiced a somewhat new idea: "Are there no devoted women amongst us willing and able to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East?" A noble response to this despairing call was given by Florence Nightingale, who organised a band of "sisters" and set out once for Scutari, where she arrived on the day before the Battle of Inkermann.

"The barrack hospital at Scutari," writes a historian, "stood on a hill overlooking the water-way of the Bosphorus, which, by common consent, is one of the loveliest scenes in the world. The building itself was palatial no hospital could appear more desirable until one entered it and found a scene of filth and confusion not to be described. To right and left of the interminable corridors, the wounded lay in closely-packed rows, the majority of them with wounds undressed and fractured limbs still unset, although days had elapsed since they left the battlefield. Many were starving, all lacked the barest decency of life. There were no vessels for water or utensils of any

kind ; no soap, towels, or cloths, no hospital clothes ; the men lying in their uniforms, stiff with blood and covered with filth, their persons covered with vermin which crawled about the floors and walls of the dreadful den of dirt, pestilence, and death."

In a comparatively short time the devoted sisters wrought a complete change, and began the work which is now so nobly done by the Red Cross. This was the only bright spot in the war. Besides attending to the wounded, we read that " Miss Nightingale quickly established a vast kitchen and a laundry ; she made time to look after the soldiers' wives and children, and to provide ordinary decencies for them. She ruled, but at the same time she slaved ; it is said that she was on her feet for twenty hours daily. Although her nurses were also overworked, she allowed no woman but herself to be in the wards after eight at night, when the other nurses' places were taken by orderlies. She alone bore the weight of responsibility. Among the wounded men she naturally moved an ardent devotion. They christened her ' The Lady of the Lamp,' and Longfellow, in his poem ' Santa Filomena,' tried to express the veneration which her endurance and courage excited."

The sufferings of the troops during the progress

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of the siege of Sebastopol were intense, and it was not until June of the following year that an attempt was made to storm the place, but without success. Lord Raglan died, worn out by the privations of the preceding winter. The French, however, were now commanded by a spirited general, named Pelissier, and on 8th September stormed the Malakoff, a fort which commanded the whole line of defence. That night the Russians fired Sebastopol and left it. The French Emperor now insisted upon negotiations being opened with the enemy, and the war came to an end. By the Peace of Paris, signed in March 1856, the Russians gave up a small strip of land near the mouth of the Danube, and promised not to maintain a fleet of war in the Black Sea, while the Sultan made many promises to treat the Christians in his dominions with greater consideration. The war had cost Britain about seventy-seven millions of money and 20,000 men. The chief result, as I have said, was the Red Cross.

TROUBLE IN THE FAR EAST

Those people who believed that Russia was steadily setting herself to make a descent in force upon India, felt their suspicions justified in the year

following the end of the Crimean War ; for the Shah of Persia, acting, it was believed, under Russian influence, tried to conquer Afghanistan and take Herat. A small British force was immediately sent to the Persian Gulf, and after a few demonstrations the Shah asked for peace.

Meanwhile we were taking part in another little war in China, where the governor of Canton had seized a vessel flying the British flag, and had refused to apologise for the act. Troops were sent out to China, but they did not reach their intended destination, for it was found necessary to divert them to India to help in quelling the great Sepoy Mutiny which had broken out in May 1857.

It is difficult to set down in a succinct manner the causes of this revolt, which was largely of a military character ; but it is interesting, in view of the fact that Indian troops are bravely fighting to-day on behalf of Britain and France against Germany, to note that one of the grievances in 1857 was that Britain had used Indian troops in oversea expeditions to China and India. This, however, was only a minor grievance, and perhaps two of the chief reasons for the outbreak were the facts that the British had recently dethroned the King of Oude, and that their troops had suffered some reverses and so lost prestige in the eyes of the native soldiers.

Moreover, the spirit of the native troops was very bad. They had been flattered and pampered by the Government, and believed themselves to be masters of the situation.

The Mutiny was confined to Northern India, and the first outbreak was at Meerut, near Delhi, on 7th May 1857. The rebels murdered a number of British officers, as well as civilians, and marched on Delhi, where they saluted the descendant of the Moguls, who was a pensioner on the British Government, as the Emperor of India. The news caused the outbreak of rebellions in other stations, and in a few weeks the whole of Oude and the greater part of the North-West Provinces were in revolt, the chief centres of rebellion being Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore, while in Agra and Allahabad the British regular troops held their own.

I feel that I must apologise for a long, unceasing record of bloodshed and butchery, but we must try to fix our minds not upon the slaughter or even the triumph of force, which has always its unhappy aspect, but upon the heroic qualities which war calls forth in men and women devoted to duty. One of the heroes of the Mutiny was Sir John Lawrence, who took the first decisive steps in the effort to quell the revolt. He was British Commissioner in the Punjab, and after disarming the

native soldiers in his own district he sent five thousand British troops against Delhi. A siege of three months began, and on 14th September General Nicholson stormed the city and broke up the rebel army after six days of desperate street fighting.

Meanwhile the Indian prince, Nana Sahib, had earned at Cawnpore a name of infamy difficult to equal in the records of treachery. He had besieged the small garrison under General Wheeler, and when the British were at their last gasp they yielded on condition that they should be given safe conduct down the Ganges to Calcutta. But as they were embarking they were shot down without mercy, *with the exception of a band of women and children*, who were taken back into the town. Hearing later that a British force was drawing near to Cawnpore, Nana Sahib ordered that these unfortunate prisoners should be cruelly murdered and their bodies thrown into a well.

Sir Henry Lawrence was bravely bearing the weight of the Sepoy attacks at Lucknow, where he was hemmed in by a force of 7000 mutineers, upon whom he made heroic attacks, but without avail. He retired with his force to the Presidency, where he had a room for himself convenient for observation, but much exposed to the enemy's fire. On

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the first day of his entry a shell burst in this room but without injuring any one. On the following day, as he lay resting on his bed, another shell entered and wounded him so severely that he died not long afterwards, with his last breath imploring his officers not to surrender. He was buried under fire, and three weeks after his death his friends received intimation that he had been appointed provisionally to succeed to the high office of Governor-General in case of accident happening to Lord Canning, who held that post. He had expressed the desire that on his tomb should be placed the simple epitaph, "Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty."



THE BRITISH LION'S VENGEANCE ON THE BENGAL TIGER.

Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietor of Punch.

struggle consisted in the chase of the rebels by Campbell and others. In February of 1858 he stormed Lucknow a second time and drove the mutineers out of the place. It was the great desire of the British to capture the infamous Nana Sahib, to whom the punishment of a traitor and a coward was to be apportioned, but he escaped to the forests, and is said to have died of a fever. In time the rebellion was completely stamped out, the last fight taking place under the walls of Gwalior, where the Indian princess known as the Ranee of Jansi fell, bravely fighting to the last.

The massacres of women and children by the Sepoys had roused the ferocious anger of the British troops, and no quarter was given in any engagement, while captured traitors were treated with the utmost severity. The result of the rising was the transference of the government of India from the East India Company to the British Crown, and the appointment of a Viceroy at Calcutta. The army was reorganised and a time of peace began, during which the good government of the people was the special concern of the rulers at Calcutta.

The natives had suffered severely from periodic famines, due to the failure of the crops, and the British set to work to teach them how to avoid these dreadful visitations, partly by means of irrigation.

Railways were laid, roads and bridges were built, canals were cut, and a commencement was made with the education of the native races.

The Governor-General from 1876 to 1880 was Lord Lytton, who recommended that Queen Victoria should formally assume the title of Empress of India. This was done at a great durbar held at Delhi, the Mogul capital, on New Year's Day 1877, just twenty years after the outbreak of the Mutiny, and one hundred and twenty years after Clive's victory at Plassey.

These events in India were felt to be somewhat remote by many British people of the middle of the nineteenth century. They did not foresee the landing in 1914 of Indian troops in France to fight for the Emperor, who was also King of Great Britain and Ireland; nor could they foretell with what quiet and dignified pride and satisfaction these Indian troops would enter upon this oversea expedition for which they had volunteered, and in which they won undying fame.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA

MANY thousands of British boys and girls have thoroughly enjoyed the famous story entitled *Uncle Tom's Cabin* without thinking a great deal of its

connection with history, and as many thousands have sung the lines—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on—

without thinking that John Brown also made a page in history in connection with the same great slavery question which is dealt with in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

You will remember that in a previous chapter I made a passing reference to the setting free of the negro slaves within the British Empire by a measure which was passed in the year 1807. The British merchants of the time who bitterly opposed that measure would be pleased to remember that it did not apply to the United States, and that it would not affect the price of slave-grown cotton from the southern part of that country. For it took nearly sixty years longer to convince the American people that even negroes ought to enjoy personal freedom, and they were not convinced as a nation until there had been much fierce fighting among themselves. The fighting lasted for four years, from 1861 to 1865, and this struggle is known in history as the American War of Secession, because the southern slave-owning States wished to "secede" from the Union, while the northern States fought for the preservation of

the national unity as well as the freedom of the slaves.

Those who read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with thoughtful care will see that the authoress, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, shows that some slave-owners were very kind to the men and women who worked on their plantations ; and it is quite true that many of the slaves were well fed and otherwise well treated. But, and it is a very big "but," they were bought and sold in open market like cattle, and they belonged, "body and soul," to their masters ; and the idea of such a situation in a civilised community had become intensely repugnant to enlightened Christian nations.

The people who wished to abolish the slave-trade in the States were mostly northerners, as I have said, and they were known in the war as the Federals ; those who upheld the practice of slave-owning lived mostly in the South, and were known as the Confederates, because they proposed to form a southern Confederacy of States, in which slavery would be permitted as a practical necessity for carrying on the work of that portion of the country. At one stage in the struggle, before the fighting began, it was agreed to allow slavery in certain States ; and when a new State was set up in the centre or west of the country a vote was taken on the question as

to whether slavery was to be permitted within its borders or not.

Many of the enthusiasts for freedom in the northern States did not scruple to help some of the slaves of the South to escape from their masters; and they organised what came to be known as the "Underground Railway," a system by means of which fugitive slaves were passed on by night from house to house until they reached Canadian soil, where their freedom had the right of Britain to protect it. One of the active workers on the Underground Railway was John Brown, whose name in the song from which I have quoted acted throughout the war as a rallying cry for the armies of the North.

Brown and his sons had settled in the newly constituted State of Kansas, while a fierce dispute was raging as to whether the State was to be "free" or to allow slavery. The family made a settlement in the woods, where they were attacked by the pro-slavery men. But the Browns beat off the attackers, and then made preparations for seizing the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. With a handful of men at his back John Brown entered the town on the night of 16th October 1859, held the place for a number of hours, and was then surrounded by a strong military force and made a prisoner, with most of his band.

Brown was given a mockery of a trial and



sentenced to be hanged in a month, for his legal guilt as a rebel was obvious. He had been badly wounded, and he spent the interval in his bed, receiving visitors and writing letters, in which he justified his action and prophesied its consequences. "As I believe most firmly that God reigns," he writes, "I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity."

As he was taken away to execution he handed his jailers a slip of paper inscribed with the words, "I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood. I had, as I now think vainly, flattered myself that without much bloodshed it might be done." He died bravely, as he had lived. "You may dispose of *me* very easily," he said, "but this question is still to be settled." In a very short time the settlement was being worked out in bloodshed.

The hero of the war on the northern side was Abraham Lincoln, who became President, and who was an ardent opponent of slavery as well as of secession. "Save the Union." "The Union before all else!" were his rallying cries, and he pleaded and argued with the southern States, ignoring their separation on the legal ground that "no State can leave the Union without the consent of the other

States." It was in April 1861 that the Confederates began the fighting by firing upon Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbour, South Carolina. Now that the rebels had insulted the flag of the republic, Lincoln lost no time. He called for volunteers in the North, and more than five million men offered themselves for active service against their fellow-countrymen. *This number alone ought to have warned the South* of what the end would be ; but the Confederates had at the outset the better military leaders, and they had been making warlike preparations for a long time.

, In a short time a Confederate force had marched close to Washington and was met by a Federal army in the battle of Bull Run. There was a bitter struggle, at the end of which the Union forces suddenly broke and fled, and it took all Lincoln's powers of leadership to rally his men and save the capital from occupation by the Confederate troops. He had some difficulty in finding the right leader for the Union forces, but at last discovered him in General Grant, while the Confederates were led by Lee and Jackson, the latter of whom gained a nickname at the battle of Bull Run. Before the tide of victory had turned in favour of the South, and when the Confederate lines were breaking, General Lee called out to his men, "Look at Jackson's brigade standing like a stone

was forced to surrender to General Grant, with his army of over 28,000 men. Then came Lincoln's healing appeal, "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds." Meanwhile, during the progress of the struggle, a proclamation had been issued declaring freedom to all slaves in bondage throughout the United States.

Lincoln was re-elected President, and shortly after his election visited the theatre. A large audience was gathered, and when all were intent on the play, a half-crazed actor named Booth shot the President in the head, and then strode across the stage shouting the Latin motto of Virginia, one of the leading southern States—" *Sic semper tyrannis.*" ("So may it ever be with tyrants.") Lincoln was carried out and breathed his last the next morning, while the assassin was caught and shot like a dog.

It was of Lincoln, the great and eloquent leader, once a poor boy in a log hut, that the American poet Whitman wrote :

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done ;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won ;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But, O heart ! heart ! heart !
 Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead !

• • • • •

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still ;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and
 done ;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !

But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

A FREE AND UNITED ITALY

" It is a grand object—the very poetry of politics ; only think—a free Italy ! " So wrote Lord Byron in one of his glowing impassioned letters long before Italy won her independence. And, looking at the map of the southern peninsula, as it appeared in his time, he might well have been stirred to indignation at its partition and to enthusiasm for its unity.

What would that map show him ? There was a kingdom of the " Two Sicilies," which included the southern part of the peninsula and the island of Sicily, with the city of Naples as capital. There were the

Papal States in the centre, with Rome as the mother city and the Pope as the ruler. The western part of the continental portion of Italy, known as Piedmont, was linked with Sardinia to form another kingdom. Austria held the northern provinces of Lombardy and Venetia, and had great political influence in other parts of the peninsula. The rest was divided up into certain duchies, of which the largest was that of Tuscany. And this was the state of affairs in a country which was very definitely marked off by the natural barriers of the Alps and the sea so as to form a self-contained, independent nationality!

We have already seen how the hope and vision of a "free Italy" had stirred the hearts, inspired the pens, and put a keen edge upon the swords of certain ardent men in the middle of the nineteenth century—Mazzini, with his dreams of an Italian republic and a regenerated nation; King Charles Albert of Piedmont and Sardinia, with his hatred of Austria and his burning desire to drive her beyond the Alps; Garibaldi, with his national zeal, strengthened by a practical knowledge of warfare and an unselfish devotion to an ideal which was undimmed by repeated failures and discouragements.

You will remember that it was the army of France which had intervened to save the Papal States when

saw the war come to a conclusion with Venetia still in the hands of Francis Joseph. Nevertheless, a great deal had been achieved, and the united provinces of Lombardy and Piedmont were destined to form the nucleus of a new Italian nation. The next step towards extension was taken by the Italian statesman Cavour, who arranged that the Italian duchies already mentioned should ally themselves with Piedmont as the centre of the new and growing Italy.

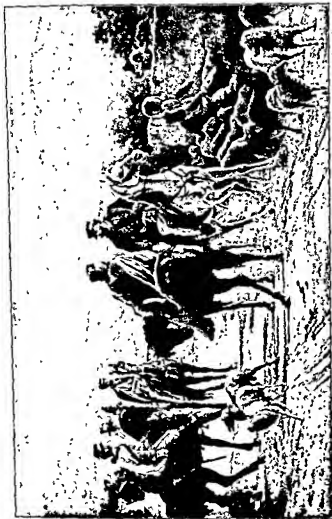
The cause of Italian unity owes a great deal to Count Cavour, who was a member of an ancient noble family of Piedmont, and had studied constitutional government in England, and especially from the gallery of the British House of Commons. He also studied very closely the industrial and commercial methods of our own country; and when he rose to power in Italy he endeavoured to show that he had profited from his examination of the institutions of a nation which is great, not because it is wealthy, but because it is free.

Meanwhile Garibaldi with the secret help of Cavour was making plans for bringing over the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the cause of unity. At the head of a body of volunteers, known as the "thousand heroes," he met a Sardinian army on the plains of Campania in Sicily, and marched with them against the half-hearted troops of Francis II. There was

talents in generals and politicians. Above everything else, he was practical. Italy possessed a great idealist and a band of heroes. But, in the middle of the nineteenth century, these would not suffice to wrest a new nation from the courts of Europe. By a brilliant handling of the weapons of diplomacy, Cavour vindicated Italy's claim to unity.

"He advanced trade and education; he was an enthusiast on agriculture, and no matter was too small to occupy his attention. He saw the future of nations; he gauged with splendid judgment the uprising of Prussia, and so sought King William's friendship. As one who understood his people, Cavour remains one of the finest examples of a patriot and a perfect model of unselfishness. 'A free Church in a free State' was his ideal, and if he perished before he succeeded, it was he who contributed more than any other to bring it about."

Meanwhile Garibaldi was eagerly awaiting the opportunity of making an attack upon Rome; and when the new Italian government would not act, he collected a force of 3000 volunteers and landed in Calabria. But the government disapproved of his action, his force was attacked by his own friends, and in the battle which followed the great soldier was wounded "by an Italian bullet"! A storm of indignation passed from end to end of Italy,



A SCENE OF LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GERMANY

government, whose hands were tied by an agreement with France, but he escaped from Caprera in a boat, and, placing himself at the head of his "Red Shirts," inflicted a defeat upon the soldiers of the Pope. He was then in his turn defeated by the French and went back to his farm, where he wrote two novels which were not so successful as his soldiering.

Then came the year 1870 when, as we shall see, Napoleon and Paris fell before the victorious Prussians. French troops were withdrawn from Italian soil. The Italian troops advanced to Rome and bombarded their future capital. The city received the conquering army, and the Pope retired to his palace of the Vatican no longer a temporal prince, but the head of a spiritual realm. In the autumn of 1870 Rome became the capital of a "free Italy."

Meanwhile Garibaldi was living as a helpless invalid on his farm in Caprera, but in 1874 he crossed to Rome to take his seat in the Italian Parliament. He lived for eight years longer, spending his declining years in writing manifestoes and pamphlets full of daring and somewhat hare-brained schemes, but all animated with the desire to see a strengthened Italian nation full of pure patriotism and of desire for advancement of the best kind.

THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA

AMONG the states which form the present-day German Empire or Confederation, the kingdom of Prussia is the leader. Her king is the Emperor or Kaiser of the German Union, elected by the votes of the heads of the confederate states. Strictly speaking, he is not Emperor of Germany, but German Emperor; in other words, he is not absolute master of the whole of Germany but, as it is expressed, "first among his peers," the leader of the other German princes.

This arrangement saves the face of the kings, princes, and dukes of the German states, but to ordinary people Prussia stood for Germany during the period that followed the year 1870, which, as you will see, was one of the most decisive years in European history. And before we consider what happened in that year, it will be well to take a backward glance at the history of Prussia, and of the Hohenzollern royal house.

Prussia, which now extends right across the German map, began as a small state on the Baltic sea-board, which stoutly resisted Christianity until the middle of the thirteenth century and was at

last Christianised at the point of the sword by a body of Crusaders, known as the Teutonic Knights. These martial missionaries almost stamped out the heathen population of Prussia, and then re peopled the country with German colonists, who gradually set up a prosperous, well-ordered state. This happened about the time of our King Edward I., the "hammer of the Scots," and nearly eight hundred years after the landing of Augustine, who came from Rome to Christianise southern Britain.

The subsequent history of Prussia is closely connected with that of the powerful kingdom of Poland, of which it once formed a duchy. About the time of our King James I. its territories were enlarged to the westward; and in 1701 Prussia became a kingdom and one of the most powerful in Central Europe, devoted to agriculture, education, thrift, and soldiering. Then came the time of Frederick II. whom history distinguishes as "The Great," and who, with all his faults, worked steadily for the advancement of his kingdom.

When he was not engaged in war he did all he could to encourage agriculture, to foster trade and commerce, to set up a worthy system of justice, and, above all, to keep in a state of active preparation the defensive forces of his kingdom. But it was as a general that he made his mark, and he

showed greatness in defeat as well as in his victories. As soon as he became king he marched into Silesia which belonged to Austria, and being well over the border issued a somewhat tardy declaration of war. He defeated the Austrians again and again and finally forced the Empress, Maria Theresa, to yield to him the greater part of Silesia,¹ having revived an ancient claim upon the province the validity of which does not greatly matter.²

Two years later another war with Austria gave Frederick of Prussia more territory in Silesia and established his reputation as one of the first military commanders of the day. For eleven years there was peace and Frederick went on with the work of organising and strengthening his kingdom. Then came the Seven Years' War in which Prussia was the ally of Britain, and from which the former emerged greatly strengthened in every way. In the scramble for Poland, to which I have already referred, Prussia obtained further territory, and just before his death in 1786, Frederick organised a League of Princes which was really the beginning of the modern German Empire. This brings us to within three years of the French Revolution.

¹ As I write the modern Prussians under von Hindenburg are just taking breath after having repelled the Russian advance upon Silesia.

² In our frontispiece Maria Theresa is appealing to the Hungarian nobles for help against Frederick of Prussia.

Prussia took her part in the great wars of Napoleon and suffered, like the other states of Europe, at the hands of the great conqueror, who entered Berlin after his victory at Jena. The French troops occupied the city from the autumn of 1806 until Christmas of 1808, and a second time during the campaign of Napoleon against Russia. But the Prussians had their revenge in the great "battle of the nations" at Leipzig, and at Waterloo, as we have seen, they took a prominent part under Blücher in the final overthrow of the Corsican. After the contest was between Prussia, as the head of the German League of Princes, and Austria; and the struggle centres round the personality of the prominent Prussian statesman, Otto von Bismarck, who was assisted on the military side by General Moltke while both men worked for the Prussian monarch William I. We are now to see how these three men founded the modern German Empire.

Bismarck was born in the year of Waterloo and spent the first part of his manhood upon estates in Brandenburg, where he took a keen and practical interest in agriculture. But he was silently preparing for entering the great arena of politics, when he was to put into action his own expressed opinion that "great questions are not to be solved by speeches and parliamentary votes,

by blood and iron." It is significant to learn that he had a great hatred of cities. "I hope," he said on one occasion, "to see them all levelled to the ground." This was, however, from no desire for destruction. Bismarck believed in the land, and thought that every effort should be made to keep the German people upon the soil.

Soon after becoming a member of the Prussian Diet, Bismarck was sent as ambassador to Austria, Russia, and France in turn; and he was forty-seven years of age before he became Minister of Foreign Affairs. His leading idea was now to sever Austria from the other German states, for Prussia must have no rival in the leadership of the new Empire which was now in the process of making, and this was the real reason for the outbreak of the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866.

At Sadowa in Bohemia the Prussians won a decisive victory, though in the first part of the fight the Prussian leaders, Bismarck, Moltke, and King William were in great doubt as to what would prove the issue of the day, and they anxiously awaited the reinforcements under the Crown Prince Frederick which were unaccountably delayed.

"Bismarck, sitting on horseback beside the king, was continually scanning the hills to the north-eastward with his field-glass, hoping to see some

sign that the Austrians were being attacked in that direction. At one time it was noticed that some of the enemy's guns had changed direction and were pointing northward. Could they be in action with the Crown Prince's batteries? Moltke looked at them through his field-glass and explained that they were apparently firing at the right of a portion of the Prussian attack. Smoking is a way to calm or disguise anxiety, and Bismarck took out his cigar-case, and, before lighting a cigar himself, offered one to Von Moltke. Instead of taking the first that offered, Moltke looked carefully at the cigars and picked out the best. Bismarck said afterwards that the trifling incident reassured him, for he thought that if the veteran Chief of the Staff could take so much care in picking out a good cigar, he could not be very anxious about more serious matters." ¹

Meanwhile the army of the Crown Prince had been in action for two hours and was already making steady progress, though his troops were hidden from the King and Moltke by the thick rainy weather and a line of low hills held by the Austrians.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the Austrians were seen to be giving way. The cry went through the Prussian ranks, "The Crown Prince is coming!"

¹ Captain A. W. Atteridge's *Famous Modern Battles*.

and before long his army of 100,000 men was steadily driving the enemy back. The news of his advance and spirited attack put new heart into the German army, and all the valour and strategy of Benedek the Austrian commander could no longer save the day. It only remained to render the retreat as orderly as possible, but the slaughter of the Austrians was colossal, while the Prussians had lost about four per cent of their strength.

Thanks to Florence Nightingale and the devoted workers who followed her, the wounded were quickly collected and attended to by a large staff of doctors and nurses without any unnecessary delay. Another novel feature of this great fight was the presence of newspaper correspondents on the field of action, the famous journalist, Sir William Russell, representing *The Times* on the Austrian side.

"I once talked over the Sadowa campaign with the late Sir William Russell," writes the historian already quoted. "He told me it was the only time he had been with a beaten army." "During the retreat," he said, "I was hospitably entertained by some good people in a Bohemian village. They were in quite unnecessary fear of being plundered by the Prussians when they arrived in pursuit, and asked me if I could give them a letter to any friend in the invading army, asking him to use his influence

to protect them. I told them the correspondent of my paper on the other side was a British officer, Colonel Hozier, and I left them a letter for him, which ran something like this—'Dear Hozier, these people have been very kind to me. Don't let the Prussians steal the spoons.' "

The presence of the famous journalist, Russell, on the side of the Austrians gives some indication as to what was expected in England concerning the result of the battle. The decisive and continued Prussian success in this war was, on the whole, a surprise to the nations, and it provided the impetus which, in less than four years, was to carry the soldiers of Moltke into Paris. The French Emperor had watched the struggle very closely, but he did not know at the time that the new military power was so soon to challenge and defeat his own once splendid and conquering army.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

DURING the Civil War in the United States, the French Emperor was engaged in a North American scheme which had for its object the establishment of an empire in the disturbed country of Mexico, under the rule of Maximilian of Austria, the younger



John A. ...

...

brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph. In 1863, when the United States was too busy with her own affairs to be able to intervene, the Mexican Assembly of Notables offered the crown to Maximilian, and in the following year he entered the capital city as head of the new "empire."

For a time things went well, but when Maximilian, with the best intentions in the world, tried to reconcile the fiery Mexican parties, the country again fell into disorder and arrangements were made for the withdrawal of the French troops. The Mexican Empress, Charlotte, daughter of Leopold I., King of the Belgians, came over to France to implore Louis Napoleon to send out more help to her husband; but the French Emperor refused, and under the stress of anxiety the poor princess lost her reason.

The French officers were anxious to bring away Maximilian when their troops left for Europe, but he decided to remain in his adopted country and share the fate of his followers. At the head of a force of 8000 men, he fought bravely against the Republican party, but after a time he was betrayed, tried by court-martial, and shot. Thus ended Napoleon's "Latin Empire of the West." If the United States had not been busily engaged in her own internal affairs, it is doubtful whether the new

and strange Empire would ever have been set up; for in 1823 President Monroe had laid down the principle that "the American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European power. . . . With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in *any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.*" This bold challenge to the world is known as the Monroe Doctrine, and as yet—I write on New Year's Day of 1915—it has not been taken up by any European power.

Meanwhile the Emperor of the French was interested, as an engineer and as a financier, in another project which had much more to commend it. This was the cutting of the Suez Canal by Ferdinand de Lesseps, a distinguished French engineer. The work occupied ten years and cost about sixty millions sterling. The canal was formally opened in 1869 to the astonishment of

many engineering experts, including some of the leading men in England. I do not need to point out in detail the importance of this waterway to international commerce and to the British Empire in particular, as forming a part of the sea-route to India and Australasia. After its completion, the control and management of the canal passed into the hands of a company which undertook to allow the passage of the ships of all nations with a few exceptions. In 1888 the Suez Canal Convention was signed by Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Spain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Russia, and Turkey. The arrangement aimed at ensuring that the canal should "always be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace to every vessel of commerce or of war, without distinction of flag." Great Britain, whose concern in the matter was paramount, made certain stipulations to guard her own interests, and looked upon the arrangement as more or less temporary. This could not be avoided as the canal was in the territory of the Khedive of Egypt whose master was the Sultan of Turkey. But as a matter of plain common sense British interests in Egypt were so great that the real master of Egypt was the British Government; and during the war of 1914 the country became a British

fact, etc

But we must return to follow the fortunes of the country whose brains and capital made our sea-route to India in spite of us ; for when Ferdinand de Lesseps came to London to ask for support in carrying out his great scheme, he was told that "in the opinion of the British Government the canal was a physical impossibility, that if it were made it would injure British maritime supremacy, and that the proposal was merely a device for French interference in the East."

To the north-east of France lies the duchy of Luxemburg, a small independent state which Prussia had declared should never become part of France. In 1866 there was a proposal for the sale of this duchy by its Grand Duke, who was also King of Holland, to the French, but the plan was abandoned, chiefly owing to Germany's attitude over the matter, for the Dutch monarch thought it was to his own interest to sell.¹ The dispute almost brought about a state of war between France and Germany, and about four years later, there was a further quarrel over the succession to the throne of Spain. This had been offered to Prince Leopold, a relative of the King of Prussia, but France opposed his succession so hotly that the prince withdrew.

¹ The importance of Luxemburg to German military operations was made evident in the beginning of the war of 1914.

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The French Emperor then tried, by somewhat high-handed methods, to wring from Prussia a definite undertaking never to support Prince Leopold as a candidate for the Spanish crown. When this request was refused, the Emperor professed to consider the action of Prussia as an insult, and on the 19th July 1870 declared war.

The war fever in Paris was intense. The people remembered Magenta and Solferino, and the entraining soldiers bound for the north chalked upon the railway carriages "To Berlin." The chiefs of the army assured the Emperor that the men were ready for the fray, "down to the last gaiter button," and were now equipped not only with the marvellous *chassepot*, which was infinitely superior to any Prussian gun, but also the still more wonderful *mitrailleuse*, the secret of whose ingenious mechanism had been so wonderfully kept. The Prussians were doomed to defeat: South Germany would assuredly stand out of the quarrel. Austria would watch her opportunity to avenge herself upon Prussia for Sadowa; Italy would come to the help of the brave army which had helped her against her hereditary foe; there would be another Jena and the Prussians would be taught a salutary lesson which they badly needed.

1. eror Napoleon himself took command of



A CHARGE OF THE PRUSSIAN AT REZOVITZ
from the picture by von Mev. in the Illustration

the armies which were now being swiftly mobilised to win back the old Rhine frontier of France; and his son, the youthful Prince Imperial, was eager to see the beginning of the fighting in which he was to have the supreme honour of taking an active part. Marshals MacMahon, Bazaine, and Canrobert would be in command of army divisions and with the veteran soldiers under them, these men must surely win success. So the gossips of the French capital assured themselves and each other with a confidence and vehemence which might possibly mask a secret

Then came the disillusionment. South Germany was in her lot with Prussia, Austria showed no desire to avenge Sadowa. Napoleon's thoughts and energies were centred upon the capture of Rome, which now seemed possible to the withdrawal of French troops. And Napoleon III. in his headquarters at Metz was beginning to be very anxious indeed. For though the "last button" may have been ready there to be something wrong with the gaiter itself. Mobilisation was not being carried out with the alacrity that had been promised, and day by day it became more apparent that the military department was in a state of hopeless disorganisation. The brilliant dash across the Rhine was

postponed from day to day, and the cry of "On to Berlin" was hushed for the moment, even in the cafés of expectant Paris.

Meanwhile the mobilisation of the German army was proceeding with perfect regularity, and the armies were massing on the farther side of the Rhine. In view of the stories of German preparations it is surprising that the troops of Von Moltke were not in French territory even sooner than they actually arrived. We are told¹ that six months before the war broke out, it was known in London that the Prussians had got ready iron girders for a bridge over the River Moselle!

There was another story of a traction-engine having been supplied by a German firm on very moderate terms to a French farmer just over the frontier. The man was delighted with his bargain, but one tiny piece of the mechanism was wanting, without which the engine would not go. The farmer wrote to point out what had been omitted but was told that it had been sent, and advised to look carefully through the straw of a certain packing-case. He did so, without success, and the correspondence went on throughout the summer. One day when the Germans had crossed the frontier an officer of one of their regiments appeared, took the

¹ *Notes from a Diary*, by Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

The latter thus made the fatal mistake of shutting up the main portion of the French army, and thus rendering it useless instead of keeping it free for action in the field; for it would have been of little use to hold Metz while the road to Paris was laid open to the invaders.

The Emperor now ordered MacMahon to march to the relief of Metz, but he found the Germans too strongly entrenched near the fortress and too active in the field. He therefore marched towards Sedan which lies to the north-east of Reims and near the Belgian frontier, and there on the 1st September a great battle was fought, which was one of the most decisive in modern history.

The French had a strong position and had been able to obtain a full day's rest before the fight began in the early morning of that memorable day; but their general lacked the confidence necessary for the winning of victory, and according to military writers missed several opportunities which might have given him advantage. The battle had scarcely begun before he was wounded by a shell, and the command was taken over by General Ducrot, who, however, really shared the direction of affairs with General Pimpffen; and to make matters worse, these two leaders were distinctly at variance as to the best course to be pursued. Both sides fought with desperate courage



VERSAILLES OCT 1 1870

* The Royal Head Quarters were transferred here 13 days. — *Telegram*

(*Even & Oct. 13, 1870*)

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Globe of London (the Ghost of Napoleon) is thus the end of "All the Glories"

Along the front of one wing of the Palace of Versailles built by Louis XIV
is the proud inscription "À Toutes les Gloires de la France"

the part of Bazaine, and he was afterwards tried and sentenced to degradation and death for neglect of duty. The sentence was, however, commuted to twenty years' imprisonment, but four years later he made his escape. When Napoleon obtained his release he came to England and resided at Chislehurst in Kent with the Empress Eugenie until his death in 1873. His son, the Prince Imperial, escaped to England after Sedan, and was trained as an officer at Woolwich Military Academy. He volunteered for active service in the Zulu War of 1879, and while reconnoitring was killed by a party of Zulus in ambush.

The Germans now advanced upon Paris, and began a siege which lasted for four and a half months. It was the winter season, and the sufferings of Paris were severe in the extreme. In a short time food became so scarce that the people were forced to eat horses, dogs, cats, rats, and even the animals of the Zoological Gardens. Most of the citizens lived in their cellars to keep themselves warm and to escape the German shells; and many of the trees in the beautiful parks and avenues of the city were cut down to serve as fuel.

Meanwhile the Prussian king and his staff were quartered in the magnificent palace of Versailles, which was built as a royal residence in the time of

It was evident to all that the ceremony was deeply moving to the aged King.

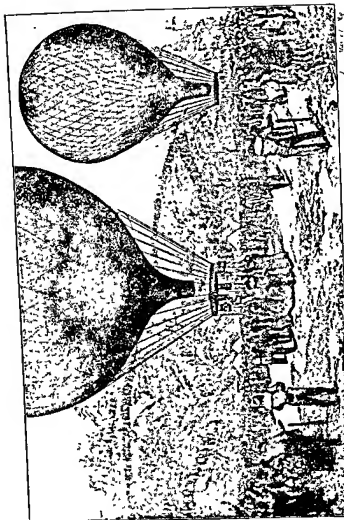
He now read from a paper which contained a declaration of the establishment of a German Empire, and of the wish of the confederate princes that the King of Prussia should become the head of the new state. This announcement was followed by the reading of the new Emperor's address by Bismarck, a quotation from which is of great interest in view of recent events. The new Kaiser declared that he did not wish to rule in the manner of the sovereigns of the Holy Roman Empire, who, "during the Middle Ages wasted the strength of Germany in vain attempts to extend their dominion over other nations, but with the sincere desire to build up an empire of peace and prosperity in which the people of Germany may find and enjoy what they have for centuries desired."

After the reading of this address the Grand Duke of Baden raised his helmet and cried out "Long live his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor William." Swords flashed in the air and the hall rang with the cries of "Hoch! hoch! hoch!" Then the princes gathered round the somewhat trembling form of the new Kaiser and knelt to kiss his hand. And in the distance the siege guns round Paris boomed perhaps the strangest salute that ever greeted a newly-elected monarch.

THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC

GAMBETTA, who became Minister of National Defence after the French surrender at Sedan, may have felt some natural satisfaction when he rose in the legislature at Paris and announced the deposition of the Emperor Napoleon, for he had always been a staunch supporter of the veteran republican, Louis Adolphe Thiers, who had supported Louis Napoleon as President, but had turned against him when he saw that the prince was aiming at the crown of France. When Napoleon brought about in 1851 what is known in French history as the *coup d'état* by which he gained the supreme power and had himself made Emperor, Thiers was one of the men among his opponents whom he caused to be arrested, imprisoned, and sentenced to banishment. Just twenty years later Thiers was elected first President of the Third French Republic, while the deposed Emperor was a prisoner in the hands of the Germans.

When the capital of France was invested by the Germans, the Government was removed to Tours, and Gambetta, who had remained in Paris, was asked by his colleagues to join them there. Thus was, under the circumstances, somewhat difficult, but the French airmen came to the rescue, and the states-



man was taken from Paris in a balloon, which narrowly missed being brought to the ground by the rifle fire of the Germans. Meanwhile Thiers had gone out to Versailles to make what proved a vain attempt to arrange a truce with Bismarck; and near the end of February in 1871 a preliminary treaty of peace was made between the invaders and the French provisional government. Then the "settlement" began which was to have such bitter consequences nearly half a century later. France was to give up about half of the province of Lorraine together with the fortress of Metz, and the whole of Alsace. She was to pay a war indemnity of £200,000,000, and until it was paid German troops were to remain in north-eastern France. On the 1st of March in that sad year for France, German troops entered Paris and marched beneath the Arc de Triomphe which the first Napoleon had erected in commemoration of his victories. But the new German Emperor declined to ride in triumph into the French capital.

In the autumn of the following year the people of Alsace were given the choice of becoming German citizens or leaving their homes. About 50,000 people decided to cross over the new frontier into France rather than "lose the name of Frenchmen and renounce their country and their flag." People

in all parts of Europe, with the possible exception of Germany, came to the rescue with gifts of money, and much was done by sympathetic people to soothe the lot of the exiles. "In the great square of the Place de la Concorde in Paris," wrote a historian, "stand eight statues representing the chief provincial cities of France. On national holidays these statues, with one exception, are gaily decorated with the tricolour; the exception is Strasburg, which stands for the lost province of Alsace; that marble figure is always draped in mourning."¹

But the troubles of Paris were by no means at an end. There were many people who considered the terms that Thiers had made with the Germans² unnecessarily humiliating, and a new revolutionary movement was set on foot by what became known as the Paris Commune, which had the support of the

¹ As I write news comes that the army of the French Republic have won distinct successes in the effort to recover Alsace from the Germans.

² "The indemnity" writes a historian "she was able to pay off very soon, but the terrible reaction from her dreams of glory, from her conceit, from her irregular ambitions and disorganised home policy was the most appalling that has ever come over any modern nation. She had lost all prestige in the eyes of her contemporaries, from having been a leading nation of Europe she sank down to a second-rate and third-rate Power."

"Yet people were mistaken" the writer continues in words which now appear prophetic, "in considering France lost and fallen for ever. Military defeats have as yet not really ruined a great nation. A nation worsted in fight may lose much, but she is sure to recover. It is the nation that does not fight, like Austria, that loses all the forces of possible recovery; because, like Nature, so mankind is made by constant fight, and a sentimental and weak desire for peace is the forerunner of a nation's complete extinction" — Dr. Emil Reich in *Foundations of Modern Europe* (1904).

National Guard. The Communists closed the gates of the capital, and Thiers went to Versailles with his armed supporters. Thus began a second siege of Paris which lasted for about two months, during which the Communists made several sallies upon Versailles, captured a number of French dignitaries and deliberately massacred them.

Near the end of May the forces of the government under MacMahon made an entry into Paris, whereupon the Communists, seeing that their reign was over proceeded to destroy the public buildings, and did actually set fire to many of them. MacMahon's soldiers extinguished the flames at Notre Dame and elsewhere, but were unable to save the royal palace of the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville. After a great deal of stern fighting in the streets of the city the Communists were driven back and overpowered, but not before hundreds of men, women, and children had been shot down without mercy.

When this insurrection had been stamped out, Thiers was formally elected President and began the work of reorganisation. It was wonderful to see how marvellously France recovered herself after the heavy troubles through which she had passed. Thiers was a man of inflexible will, and under his rule the war indemnity was quickly paid off, and the Germans withdrew to their own country, while the

party of *la revanche* were kept in check, for the President saw that France was not likely to be ready for avenging the loss of Alsace until she had been given a long time for setting her own house in order.

You may reasonably ask what was the attitude of our own country towards each of the contending parties during these tremendous historical events which happened so near to our own shores. Queen Victoria had entertained and been entertained by the French royal house, and these brilliant functions had appealed to all who were dazzled by magnificence, and cared little about the responsibility of the French court for the disastrous war which humbled France to the dust. But when the catastrophe had fallen the deposed sovereigns turned to England in their hour of need—as so many have turned—and not in vain.

After Sedan the Empress Eugenie had been made Regent, but the mob in its anger, blaming her for the miseries of France, came to the royal palace with angry cries and threats,—“Down with the Spaniard!¹ Long live the Republic!” But the dis-crowned Empress had been secretly conveyed from the Tuileries, “without even a pocket-handkerchief,” sobbed a chambermaid after the flight.

“The Austrian Ambassador gave the Empress

¹ The Empress was of Spanish blood.

prospect of European peace ; yet a fortnight later France and Prussia were at war, and Granville was faced with a supremely difficult task. He had to keep his country strictly neutral, for it was decided that the quarrel was none of our business ; and it was not easy to prevent all appearance of favour being shown to one or other of the combatants, for each thinking man and woman in the country had preferences and individual hopes of the issue, while the general feeling in Britain was in favour of the Prussians. Granville had also to stand by the arrangement already described under which Belgium was to be inviolable, preserved from the awful curse of being made the battle-ground of her great neighbours. He had the thankless task of offering his services as mediator and the mortification of having those services refused by Prussia. And, above all, he had to regulate contraband and to meet the stern protests of the German representatives in London when British merchants went on supplying France with what her enemy considered were the munitions of war.

It is interesting to note that Granville succeeded in securing the assent of Prussia and France to new arrangements, ensuring with still greater certainty the neutrality of Belgium. As we have already seen, the movement of French troops to the east gave

his arm, M. Nigra led her companion, Madame Lebreton, who alone of all the ladies of the court was to share her flight. The little party hastened through the galleries of the Tuileries which overlooked the Seine and passed into the galleries of the Louvre. They emerged on the street which was thronged with people. It was necessary to wait while a troop of noisy demonstrators poured through the arched passage which leads from the inner court of the Louvre to the street. M. Nigra told in after days that while standing here he offered his arm to the weary Empress. As the uproarious band passed by shouting, "À bas l'Espagnole!" "Vive la République!" Nigra asked her if she felt afraid. "Not at all," was the reply, "you are holding my arm; do you feel me tremble?"

After many adventures which I have no space to describe, the ex-Empress was able to cross the Channel in an English gentleman's yacht. At Hastings she met her son, and on the 25th of September they reached Chislehurst. The comment of Earl Granville, at that time British Foreign Minister, was, "Her misfortune is great, although it is much owing to herself, Mexico, Rome, war with Prussia."

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Germany on this occasion no choice as to the precise locality in which her armies were to pierce the French frontier.

RUSSIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE

As I write these words, the streets of London are full of newspaper posters announcing the progress of naval operations in the Dardanelles, where a British squadron assisted by French warships is forcing its way, step by step, through this narrow strait which leads into the Sea of Marmora. The object of this stern work is to bring Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, under the guns of the allied fleets of Britain and France, but, apart from this, to a reader of history the most interesting point in this morning's news is conveyed in this sentence from *The Times* "We are glad to see that a Russian armed cruiser has joined the allies, for it is important that in these operations Russia should be represented."

I call your special attention to this interesting sentence, because thirty-five years ago a British fleet sailed up the Dardanelles, past the then friendly forts which we are now bombarding so hotly, to the immediate vicinity of Constantinople, not to

fight for Russia against the Turks, but to menace Russia on behalf of the Turks. For many people in England at that time were determined to keep Russia out of Constantinople in the interests of the British Empire, of Egypt, and of India. Whatever happened, they said, the designs, or supposed designs, of Russia in that quarter of the world were to be very definitely checked. Now let us follow the chief events which led up to this situation. This means that we must learn something about another conflict, the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78.

It was about this time that people in our country were beginning to take real interest in the British Empire, and especially in India, where on the 1st of January 1877 Queen Victoria had been proclaimed Empress. The Suez Canal had been opened in 1870, and British merchants were proving its commercial value and profiting from it in a way which few of them deserved; for you will remember that the Canal was cut without much encouragement from them or from the British Government.

You will remember also that the Suez Canal was in Egyptian territory, and that the ruler of Egypt was the vassal of the Sultan of Turkey. One day he sent a telegram to London offering for sale a large number of shares in the Canal, which represented about half its value. The British Prime

When the negotiations were going on before the war broke out, the British Government and people were inclined to support the Turks in order to prevent the advance of Russia through the Balkan Peninsula ; and this in spite of the cruelties of the Sultan's soldiers towards Christians in the states under his control. Then a rising broke out among the Bulgarians, and the Sultan suppressed it with such horrible cruelty that the anger of Britain was roused, and the Prime Minister was forced to declare that in the fight between Russia and Turkey, which seemed to be inevitable, we should do no more than defend our own interests.

The fight began, and it was sternly contested, the military operations being confined to the eastern part of the Balkan Peninsula, during which the armies of the Tsar advanced from the Lower Danube to the neighbourhood of Constantinople. The Turks made a much more determined stand than had been expected, for their army was well equipped with Krupp guns, and of the bravery of the individual Turkish soldier there has never been any question. The Russians were held at Plevna during the whole of the autumn, where Osman Pasha made a desperate resistance with 40,000 men, having recognised the strategical importance of the place in the defence of Constantinople. He raised strong entrenchments,

and after a fierce attack the Russians were forced to fall back with a loss of 3000 men.

Another attack was repulsed with still heavier losses. After this the position of the Turkish commander was blockaded, and though they held out until the 10th of November, the defenders of Plevna were finally starved into surrender. Meanwhile the war was being vigorously conducted by the Russians in Asia Minor, and only a week after the fall of Plevna they captured the famous fortress of Kars. The attackers of this strong position showed the utmost bravery and took 17,000 prisoners, as well as 300 guns.

The Russians were now masters of Bulgaria and swept over the Balkans at midwinter, outflanked and twice defeated the Turks, and then entered Adrianople. Thereupon the Turks asked for a truce, for Serbia and Montenegro had declared their independence, and Greece was making a desperate effort to extend her territory. The war, therefore, came to an end by the treaty of San Stefano. The Sultan was to forfeit a large territory in Asia as well as a portion of the Danube delta which had been given up by Russia after the Crimean War. Turkey in Europe was to be divided into a number of separate states, of which Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro were to be independent of

the Sultan. Bulgaria was to have its own ruler, but to remain tributary to Turkey.

Then the British Government, suspicious of Russia's success, informed the Tsar that the terms of the treaty must be approved at a conference of all the Powers of Europe; and when no notice was taken of this intimation a fleet was sent into the Dardanelles, the British reserves were called out, and Indian troops were ordered west. Russia then consented to submit the terms of her treaty to the Powers, and the famous Congress of Berlin was held under the presidency of Bismarck, the British representatives being Disraeli, who had been created Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Salisbury, afterwards Prime Minister.

At this meeting it was arranged that Russia should keep her own conquests, but other Powers which had taken no direct part in the war obtained slices of Turkey for themselves. Bosnia was given to Austria, Greece obtained Thessaly, and Britain took Cyprus. The last-named territory was given up by the Sultan in return for a guarantee that the Russians were not to be allowed to attack his dominions in Asia, while, in order to make the bargain more acceptable to the British people he undertook to introduce certain reforms under which life would be better worth living by his Christian subjects.



A THIN DISGUISE

The Russian Bear (in Chinese costume only more like himself than ever) slyly chuckles as he crosses Manchuria "Aha! they won't know me now!" (*Punch*, Nov. 2 1895)

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into a rivalry with Japan, a movement which led to the Russo-Japanese War, of which we shall read in a later chapter.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT

UP to the time of the building of the Suez Canal the influence of the French was foremost in Egypt. Then came the purchase of the Canal shares by Lord Beaconsfield of which we have read, and the beginning of the period of British ascendancy in the land of the Pharaohs.

After the war between Turkey and Russia, Egypt was placed under the "Dual Control" of France and Britain, though it had a ruler of its own, known as the Khedive, whose master was the Sultan of Turkey; but the money for running the country, which was in a state of bankruptcy, was found by these two countries, and this explains the presence of their officials at the head of Egyptian affairs. For two years the Dual Control worked quietly, but the two governments were not really agreed as to the way in which Egypt was to be ruled, and when in 1881 it became necessary to put down a rebellion of Egyptian army officers under Arabi Pasha, Britain was left to do the work alone.

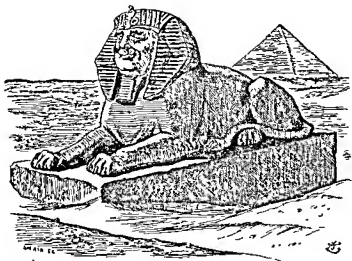
In the process of putting down this revolt a combined British and French fleet appeared off Alexandria in May 1882, but the French ships withdrew and the city was bombarded by the British alone. When the city had been occupied by our troops, Sir Garnet Wolseley marched inland and won a complete victory over Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th of September. The leader of the rebellion was degraded by the Sultan and was sent as an exile to Ceylon.

Mark carefully that our troops were nominally supporting the authority of the Sultan of Turkey ; that France did not wish to strengthen that authority in Egypt ; and that many people in Egypt regarded Arabi Pasha as a patriot who was fighting for the freedom of his own country. The British attitude was that Egypt was really in a state of anarchy, and that for the moment the only practical course was to restore order by force of arms. This was done, with the result that Britain became the chief power in Egypt.

Meanwhile important events had been taking place in the Sudan, which lies to the south of Egypt, and which contained large numbers of Mohammedans who acknowledged the Khedive of Egypt as their ruler, though his authority was not a very real thing. In this country there appeared a certain

Mohammed Achmet who proclaimed himself as the Mahdi or Prophet of God, who was expected by the Mohammedans to appear about this time to regenerate the Mohammedan world (which it sadly needed), to rescue the poor and oppressed, and then to lead the hosts of Islam to the conversion and conquest of the world. The Arabs of the Equatorial Province, as the Egyptian Sudan was called, were soon in revolt under this leader. The Khedive sent the British general, Hicks Pasha, to Khartum with orders to suppress the rising, but his force was met by a great horde of the "dervishes" or followers of the Mahdi, and utterly wiped out of existence. The British Government now insisted that the Sudan should be abandoned and the garrisons brought to Egypt, but even the work of evacuation promised to be difficult in the extreme, for the followers of the Mahdi were threatening each of the garrisons.

A man was needed to carry out this supremely difficult task, and Charles George Gordon, a major-general in the British army, was chosen for the work. He had already distinguished himself as a soldier in the Crimean War and later in China, where he earned a great reputation for military skill, fearlessness, and devotion to duty, as well as for carelessness about rewards or favour. He had also served for some years under the Khedive as Governor



A FUTURE

(*Punch* Nov. 19, 1898)

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some while for their final instructions, and so Gordon went off on his last mission."¹

As soon as Gordon had taken up his duties he formed the opinion that the Sudan should not be entirely abandoned, and recommended the British Government to "smash the Mahdi," a task which they were unwilling to attempt. Meanwhile Gordon hurried away the wives and children of the soldiers at Khartum, but considered it a point of honour not to leave the place himself until the men at the farthest garrison at Sennar had been brought away. He was urged to come home while there was time, but he replied to Cairo, "Were the road open the people here would not let me go. Leave Sennar to its fate! I would sooner die!"

Meanwhile the Arab dervishes were advancing upon Berber, which they seized, and then they surrounded Khartum; and now the problem before the British authorities was how to relieve Gordon. Lord Wolseley went out at the head of a relieving force and sent forward Colonel Stewart with a desert column, who defeated the dervishes at Abu Klea on the 22nd of January. Pushing rapidly forward the column came within sight of Khartum on the 28th of January, but it arrived too late. The city had fallen two days before and Gordon was dead.

¹ *The Roll-Call of Honour* (T. Nelson & Sons).

His journal was afterwards found, and it shows how almost to the end he could have made his own escape with a few fighting men, but this meant leaving the people of the town in their extremity, and while there was any hope of relief, Gordon was not the man to desert those who trusted him. The journal ends on the 14th of December with the words, "Now mark this—if the expeditionary force (and I ask for no more than two hundred men) does not come in ten days, *the town may fall*; and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye."

It seems to be certain that the garrison could have held the place for several months longer if the supply of food had lasted; and it was only when the provisions had given out and Gordon's men were exhausted for want of food that the fierce followers of the Mahdi were able to break into the place. "The surging mass threw itself upon the palace," writes one who spent ten years as a prisoner in the Mahdi's camp, "overflowed into the lovely garden, and burst through the doors, in wild search for their prey; but Gordon went alone to meet them. As they rushed up the stairs, he came towards them and tried to speak to them; but they could not or would not listen, and the first Arab plunged his huge spear into his body. He fell forward on

his face, was dragged down the stairs, many stabbed him with their spears, and his head was cut off and sent to the Mahdi."

A little later the Mahdi was poisoned, but his followers rallied under the Khalifa Abdullah, who became a pest to the Sudan until, in 1896, Sir Herbert Kitchener, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army, advanced into the fertile province of Dongola and won it back for the Khedive. Again the Khalifa proved troublesome, holding Abu Hamed, which it was intended to make the terminus of the military railway from the north. He was expelled from his position in this quarter, and Berber was also captured, but the dervishes concentrated upon the banks of the River Atbara, where they were defeated. They retired upon Omdurman, the capital of the Khalifa, but here again Kitchener defeated them and then entered Khartum.

The tomb of the Mahdi was demolished and a memorial service was held on the spot where Gordon fell, in memory of a man who "at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."¹ Even yet, however, the Khalifa and

¹ From the inscription on the Gordon monument in Trafalgar Square, London.

his roving bands were the pest of the Sudan, but he was eventually brought to bay by Colonel Wingate, who afterwards became Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army. A battle took place near El Gedid, where the Khalifa came to his end like a brave man.

"When the dervishes failed to outflank the Egyptians and began to run before the terrible fire, the Khalifa called to his emirs and said, 'I am not going away, I shall die here. I call on you to stay by me and let us die together.' They agreed, and the emirs and bodyguard remained in front of their master and all died together. The Khalifa took his sheepskin, sat down on it, and calmly awaited the end, which was not long in coming. . . . Later in the day, by order of Colonel Wingate, they were buried where they fell by their own people with proper ceremonial. They lie in a beautiful spot, near a large sheet of water, surrounded by trees, and not so very far (some forty miles) from Abba Island, the cradle of Mahdism."

After that time the British power grew stronger and stronger in Egypt, where we were given a free hand by France in return for giving up certain claims in Morocco, which the French Government wished to develop for themselves. The next great step in our relations with Egypt was taken during

the great war with Germany; for when Turkey joined Germany, Egypt was declared a British protectorate under a new ruler, who was given the title which is rendered in English as Sultan.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN

IN the record of continual quarrels and conflicting interests which make up the history of Europe, the United States has little part. She was engaged in her own continental affairs, growing and developing, acquiring enormous wealth by means of her great natural resources, and determined to uphold the Monroe Doctrine, which I have already mentioned. There was to be no repetition of European bloodshed on the American continent if she could help it, and her people were, on the whole, by no means desirous of extending their territories in lands beyond the American seaboard. But the time came when circumstances forced this great country not only to go to war with a European state, but also to embark upon a career of colonial expansion.

In February 1895 an insurrection broke out in the large West Indian island of Cuba, which was under the rule of Spain. The Government of that

country took steps to suppress the rising against its authority, and when the fighting began the United States assumed an attitude of strict neutrality. But the lot of the neutral nation is often as bad as, and sometimes worse than, that of a belligerent, and as time went on it was clear that American traders and investors were going to suffer very severely; for there was a great deal of their money locked up in Cuban mines and plantations, which were, of course, idle during the conflict. Moreover, the American people were greatly displeased at a warlike conflict taking place in their "backyard," one which seemed to promise to be endless, for the efforts of Spain to suppress the rebellion had little or no result. The ruin of the island seemed to be assured, and the feeling in the United States might be bluntly expressed as follows: "If you Spaniards cannot stop this quarrel, it is time that you gave up your rights as rulers of the island anyway."

President McKinley put the matter before the Spanish Government, which promised reforms to the insurgents. Meanwhile the U.S.S. *Maine* was sent to Havana on a friendly visit in consequence of news having reached Washington that Americans were in danger owing to the unsettled state of the island. On the evening of 15th February 1898 (the insurrection had dragged on for three years)

the battleship was blown up, with the loss of 266 of her crew. Spanish officials helped to rescue the survivors and paid due honours to the dead, but the feelings of the people of the United States, as well as their suspicions, had been aroused, and an investigation was ordered which resulted in the publication of a report to the effect that the explosion was due to a mine laid in the harbour. A separate Spanish report claimed that it was caused by the firing of the ship's magazine by some interior agency.

A few months later President McKinley declared that the conditions existing in Cuba could no longer be endured. The American consul at Havana and all the American residents set out for home. Congress announced that "the people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be free and independent," and demanded that Spain should give up her sovereign rights in the island. The Spanish minister asked for his passports, and, on 22nd April, President McKinley declared a blockade of the greater part of the Cuban coast. But the two combatants agreed to a gentlemanly fight, giving time for each other's ships to seek a place of safety. In this quarrel the feeling in Great Britain was strongly in favour of the United States, but the other European Powers held that she had no right to intervene between

Spain and Cuba, and were especially angry at the order to American officers to supply the Cuban insurgents with arms and ammunition.

The fight was to be for the most part conducted on the sea, and Commodore Dewey was sent to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet in the waters near the Philippine Islands, off south-eastern Asia, which belonged to Spain. On 1st May he attacked the Spaniards in Manila Bay, and sank or burnt their fleet, with small loss to his own force. A few months later Manila was captured by a combined naval and military expedition.

Meanwhile the Spanish squadron, under Admiral Cervera, was blockaded by the Americans in the harbour of Santiago de Cuba, and the island was invaded by an American force. The Spanish fleet attempted to escape, but was caught and destroyed, while about a fortnight later Santiago fell. Near the end of July the Spanish Government asked for peace, offering to give up sovereign rights in Cuba. But the United States now wanted more than this. She asked that Spain should also give up other smaller islands in the West Indies, including Porto Rico, and allow her to keep Manila until the future government of the Philippines had been decided upon. These negotiations were going on just about four hundred years after the discovery of America by



ADMIRAL DEWEY

Illustrated *Los Angeles* *Nov - 1898*

THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY

Columbus, who was equipped for his expedition Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and was the to carry the Spanish flag to the New World.

Before the negotiations, which were conducted in Paris, had been concluded, the American people had come to the conclusion that the Philippine Islands must be given to them unconditionally. This meant, of course, the beginning of an overseas empire, an entirely new departure for the United States. But the trade of these islands was very valuable and capable of development, while there were many people who thought that the islands should be taken over, if it were only to send missionaries to convert the natives to Christianity. The Spanish Government finally agreed to nearly all the demands of the victors, and the treaty of peace was signed on 10th December 1898. For four years the American forces occupied Cuba, while order was restored and a republican government set up. Then the occupation came to an end, and a new "free and independent" state was added to the world.

The American hero of the war was undoubtedly Commodore Dewey, who was promoted Admiral for his services, the title being revived for the purpose, recalling the exploits of "daring Dave Farragut," who fought for the Union in the Civil War. When

a nation, even a very peaceful nation like the United States, has once committed itself to a fight, it loves a leader who hits hard and hits quickly, provided that he hits "above the belt", and in Dewey these fighting qualities were seen at their best. The fight in Manila Bay was hailed at the time as "one of the world's greatest naval victories" by the newspapers, and one of their correspondents sought out Dewey to find out what he said on the memorable morning when he began the battle.

"I can't for the life of me remember," said the admiral, "I was so busy, you know, that I paid no attention to anything except the fleet."

The journalist begged him to try to recall some equivalent of "England expects," and Dewey called a junior officer to him. "Mr. Scott," he said, "can you think of anything I said during the fighting?" "I hope you will excuse me from repeating it," said the young man. "Go on, Mr. Scott," said Dewey, "I will thank you for doing so."

This was equivalent to an order, but when the admiral heard what he had said about the *Baltimore*, which was getting out of its course, he looked across the bay with a far-away look in his eyes, and said, "Let's look at the signal book for that morning. That will tell what I said."

The book was brought, and the journalist was

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

WAR was between the Boers of South Africa and the British which began in October 1899 and ended in May 1902 (1903) naturally into three periods. The first was the period of surprise when it dawned upon the British at home that the struggle was going to be a much bigger thing than had been expected, and this period is associated with the name of Sir Redvers Buller. The second was the period of active military movement and strategic success which was dominated by the genius of Lord Roberts. The third was the wearing-down period in which Lord Kitchener gradually restored order in the country, and confidence in the minds of the burghers in the good intentions as well as the strength of the Government which he represented so well.

From a military point of view, the struggle can be centred round the battle at Paardeberg, which took place on 18th February in the year 1900, is about half-way through the course of the

war. Taking this event as our centre, let us see what led up to it and what followed it. Those of my readers who are interested in weapons of war ought to remember that it was in this South African context that the new rifle, with a range of 500 to 1000 yards and fired with smokeless powder, was put to a practical test on a large scale, and that the experts were also able to try certain improvements in artillery, for these are the things that matter to military men.

When the war broke out in October it was decided that only one army corps should be sent out to South Africa, under Sir Redvers Buller, who remarked to a friend on leaving Southampton, "This little war will be over by Christmas." But when this festival came, British forces were locked up by the Boers in Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith; and the whole of the northern part of Cape Colony was in the hands of the enemy, who had defeated Gatacre at Stormberg, Methuen at Magersfontein, and Buller at Colenso. The British Government had awakened to the gravity of the situation, and Lord Roberts was on his way to South Africa, while Lord Kitchener had been called from his post in Egypt to help the veteran field-marshal in his work.

The British had learnt their lesson and the Boers had profited from their mistakes, but the work was

now undertaken in real earnest with the best men of the "scientific" army at the head of affairs. Roberts' plan was to relieve Kimberley by a series of out-flanking movements, and in order to make his force independent of the railway, which the Boers were closely watching, he organised, with the help of Kitchener, a wagon-train for transport and supply ; and he had under General French a division of cavalry, mounted riflemen, and horse artillery that could move about as readily as the Boers themselves.

In about a fortnight's time French was in Kimberley, having ridden round Cronje's position at Magersfontein. The Boer general decided to march on Bloemfontein, but was brought up and forced to make a stand at Paardeberg, on the Modder River. This was Kitchener's first battle in South Africa. The fight was sternly contested, and at first sight seemed to end in failure for our men ; but it was really the turning-point in the war and the beginning of the end, though the end was destined to be long deferred. At the close of the day both sides were utterly exhausted, and while they were resting Lord Roberts arrived in the early dawn, and putting aside Kitchener's wish for another attack, he gave orders for a close investment of the Boer position. Cronje held out for a week and then surrendered.

and announced its annexation on 28th May, on which day Joubert died. Meanwhile the far-away little frontier town of Mafeking was holding and keeping busy a considerable force of besieging Boers, and had done so for several months to the admiration of the whole of the Empire. Baden Powell sent Lord Roberts a message to the effect that his food-supplies would be exhausted by 17th May. The Commander-in-Chief replied that he should be relieved by that date, and relieved he was.

A little later, President Kruger left Pretoria *en route* for the East Coast. On the very next day Roberts entered Johannesburg to find the gold-mines uninjured, and in less than a week he marched into Pretoria at the head of 25,000 men. The next step was to move eastward against Botha, who retreated, was pressed towards the Portuguese frontier by Buller working up from Natal, and was finally defeated. The Transvaal was formally annexed, Kruger left the country for Europe, and Lord Roberts left for home, leaving the last stage of the war in the hands of Lord Kitchener.

Then began the guerilla warfare in which De Wet, Botha, and Delarey distinguished themselves, cleverly evading all efforts to capture them, and holding out gallantly in the vain hope of preventing the absorption of the two Boer republics in the British Empire.

At first Kitchener's plan was to starve out the Boer "commandos," and having gathered *non-combatants* into certain "concentration camps," he practically turned the two Boer states into a wilderness. This plan did not prove successful, and he next tried a system of blockhouses, dividing by means of lines of these buildings the whole country into sections, *which were swept in turn by the British troops.*

Huge captures of men, wagons, guns, and stores were now made, and before long it became evident that the Boer resistance was drawing near to an end through a process of exhaustion. On 23rd March 1902, several of the Boer leaders came to Middleburg station and asked to be sent to Pretoria to discuss terms of peace with Lord Kitchener. After a time these men returned to the leaders of the *commandos* still in the field to get their consent to end the war. The leaders in council decided to discuss terms of surrender, and after a fortnight of negotiations the *Treaty of Vereeniging* was signed.

The burghers were required to lay down their arms and to swear allegiance to King Edward VII. In return they were promised their personal liberty and the restoration of their property. Their language was to be allowed in schools and law-courts, self-government was to be granted as soon as practicable, and a gift of money was to be made to the farmers



A SEARCHLIGHT IN ONE OF KITCHENER'S BLACK HOUSES
DEFEAT OF A NIGHT ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE RAILWAY

Illustrated London News, Feb. 8, 1902.

to help them to start their work again. The resettlement of the farmers was carried out with speed, and in about seven months most of them were peacefully at work once more. On the eighth anniversary of the Peace of Vereeniging, the various states were formally joined for purposes of government to form the Union of South Africa; and the first Union Parliament was opened by the Duke of Connaught on 4th December. The Prime Minister and Minister of Agriculture in the first Union Government was Louis Botha, who had fought so doggedly on the side of the Boers.

Writing some little time before these great events, Olive Schreiner, the South African novelist, gave her view of the kind of leader required in South Africa under the peculiar and difficult conditions which exist in that country. "He must be a man," she wrote, "able to understand, and understanding, to sympathise with all sections of our people; he will value the diverse virtues of our two great white races and seek to harmonise them; he will understand the really colossal difficulties which a white race has to face in dealing with a labouring class which is severed from it by colour; he will realise to the full the difficulties the dark man faces when, his old ideals and order of life suddenly uprooted, he is thrown face to face with a foreign civilisation,

which he must grasp and rise to, or under which he must sink ; and the leader will seek by every means in his power to help him to bridge the transition without losing his native virtues.

“ At all costs to himself, this leader will persist in holding up before us the ideal, by which he is himself dominated, of a great South Africa in which each element of our population shall subserve the interests of others as well as its own , till from this sense of mutual service and from that passionate love of our country which is common to all South Africans, shall grow up the wide and deep South African feeling that alone can transform us into a great nation. In spite of many mistakes and many failures, and the sorrow which walks beside all who strike out new paths for the feet of men, such a man would form the true centre of our national life.”

RUSSIA AND JAPAN

WE are so apt to think of history as a record of the doings of the white races, and especially of their gaining mastery over other races, that it comes to us as a surprise to find Japan entering the modern world and making her power felt very heavily by a great European country..

In the year 1891 it was announced to the world that Russia intended to build a railway across Southern Siberia, with a terminus on the Pacific Coast in open water. This Siberian Railway was to be a military line, and the announcement of its originators caused great trouble in Japan, where it was felt that the scheme was aimed at gaining for Russia the mastery of the Far East. Now Japan had just been rather rudely awakened, chiefly by European traders, from a long and comfortable and picturesque sleep, and had been, as it were, dragged unwillingly into the bustle of the modern world.

But having been awakened in this manner, Japan had shown signs of taking a very firm stand in her dealings with the Western world. If she was to share her life with the new nations, she intended it to be a life of independence and self-respect; and in the face of this announcement of Russia she was sternly, desperately resolved not to be dominated. Two could play at the game of war, and she had set herself to learn all that could be learnt of the military and naval methods of Europe, grafting this up-to-date knowledge upon a national character for steady heroism which prefers to die fighting and chooses suicide to surrender. This character she did *not* gain from Europe.

The building of the railway was begun, and the

Tsarevich of Russia, afterwards Nicholas II., made a journey to the Far East to cut the first sod on the Pacific side, at Vladivostok. He travelled by sea with an imposing escort of six Russian warships, one of which was named in Russian after Manchuria, the Chinese province, afterwards seized in order to carry a branch of the line to Port Arthur on the Liao-Tong Peninsula; the other was named after Korea, the kingdom to the east of the Yellow Sea, which was evidently marked out also in the Russian plans.

The squadron reached the shores of Japan, and while the royal party was visiting some of the show places of that beautiful country, the Tsarevich was suddenly attacked by a Japanese, who slightly wounded him with a sword before he could be disarmed. The attack was unfortunate and wrong, and the offender was duly punished, but the incident shows the state of feeling in the country concerning the supposed designs of Russia in the Far East. It was, of course, the old story of Russia's desperate search for an ice-free port, for Vladivostok is closed by the ice for a portion of the year, and the sea terminus of the Siberian Railway at Port Arthur offered all that could be desired in this respect.

As the building of the railway went on Russia did all she could to secure a footing in the Chinese

province of Manchuria, while Japan tried in every way to secure a powerful interest in Korea where she was determined not to allow the Russians to establish themselves. A glance at the map will show you that Korea was thus being converted into a kind of "buffer-state," a Far-Eastern Belgium if you will, between Russia in Manchuria and Japan in her island kingdom. It was clear to all careful observers that a struggle was impending.

At last, in 1904, when the railway had been completed, Japan made a definite offer not to interfere in the affairs of Manchuria provided that Russia gave her a free hand in Korea. The early answer to this message for which Japan asked was not received, and the Emperor gave orders for mobilisation. Europe might smile at the daring of the little nation, but the Japanese knew that the fight would be fought out in their own neighbourhood where they had every advantage in ships and men; and in any case they were determined, come what might, to end a menace which had embittered their national life for so many years.

Port Arthur had once before been taken from China by the Japanese, but they had been forced to give it up by Russia, Germany, and France, and the recapture of this place was made the first and foremost object of the struggle. By this means

Japan would secure the freedom of the sea which was necessary for ultimate victory.

Seoul, the capital of Korea, was occupied by Japanese troops, and Admiral Togo engaged the Russian fleet off Port Arthur, disabling four of the ships, while his colleague, Uriu, accounted for two more enemy battleships in the Yellow Sea. Thus at the outset of the war Japan secured the freedom of the sea, and was enabled to send transports with men who would otherwise have been obliged to make long marches by land. In about six weeks the Japanese army was firmly established near the Yalu River, which divides Korea from Manchuria. The Russian fleet began to make excursions from Port Arthur, but one of the chief battleships, with Admiral Makaroff on board, was blown up by a mine, with the loss of six hundred lives.

The Russian general, Kuropatkin, concentrated his army at Liaoyang, sending out forces to delay the enemy's advance; but on the 1st of May the Japanese general, Kuroki, won a decisive victory near the Yalu and so cleared the way for the invasion of Manchuria. Meanwhile Togo had blocked up the entrance to Port Arthur harbour except for small craft, thus enabling the Japanese to disembark forces on the coast of Manchuria. In a fortnight Port Arthur was completely cut off from direct

communication with the outside world, and a little later the Japanese were ready to make direct attack upon their chief objective, while they also prepared to push back the Russians along the railway, which was steadily pouring in reinforcements from the West. Again and yet again the Russians were driven back.

Then General Nogi made energetic attacks upon the defenders of Port Arthur, and the Russian fleet was ordered to break out and try to reach Vladivostok. In obedience to this desperate command, six battleships and four cruisers got clear away, but only to be met by Togo's main squadron and utterly defeated. An attack was now made which was bravely resisted, while the loss of life on both sides was enormous. For the moment the Japanese were checked and settled down to spade work before the strong defences. Then began the nine days' struggle which is known in history as the Battle of Liaoyang, the leaders being Kuropatkin and Oyama. The fight was stern, the slaughter colossal, and though victory was at last achieved by the Japanese it was won at a terrible price. There was another fearful ten days' struggle followed by a pause to gather breath.

Meanwhile Britain came very near to being dragged into the war. One night in October a portion of

the Russian fleet in crossing the North Sea, on the way to the Far East, passed through a group of Hull fishing boats engaged in their work on the Dogger Bank. The battleships opened fire upon these boats, sinking one of them, killing two and wounding eighteen fishermen. The explanation given by the Russians was that their ships were attacked by Japanese torpedo boats concealed among the fishing fleet, but it was with some difficulty that the Government restrained the anger of the British people. War was, however, avoided, and the struggle in the Far East went on, the Japanese replying to the sailing of the Baltic fleet by more desperate attacks on Port Arthur. After two months of hard work General Stoessel sent a flag of truce to the Japanese commander without the knowledge of his council of war, with which he was in disagreement. Thus Port Arthur fell for a second time into the hands of the Japanese. But the work was not yet done, and a great battle was fought round Mukden, lasting for a whole fortnight and ending in a victory for the Japanese bought again at a tremendous price.

It only remained to account for the Baltic Fleet which had been resting for a while at Madagascar and entered the China Sea in the first week of May. The squadron was met by Togo in the Straits of



A RUSSIAN SOLDIER CARRIES A WOUNDED JAPANESE CAPTAIN
BACK TO HIS OWN TRENCH

Illustrated London News Nov. 12, 1904 p. 691

Tsushima. Here is a historian's short description of Japan's Trafalgar :

"The battle began about 2 P.M. to the east of the island of Tsushima, the Japanese engaging the enemy at 7000 yards,¹ a range at which the superior training of their gunners enabled them to make the most of their weapons. By steaming across the Russian fleet so as to bring every possible gun to bear, the Japanese developed a crushing fire, while that of the Russians was comparatively ineffective.

"In less than three-quarters of an hour the battleships leading the two main Russian columns² were out of action and Rozhdestvensky was severely wounded. By nightfall, every attempt of the Russian ships to break through to the north had been frustrated, and all cohesion in the fleet had been destroyed. During the night the Japanese torpedo boats continued the work which the heavy cannon had begun, and on May 28 a general chase of the flying enemy completed the work of destruction." It was this victory which really ended the war, seeing that on land there was a state of things which might be described as a stalemate, for, in spite of Japanese successes, Russia was not beaten. But the Russian people were tired of the war, while

¹ How many miles? Compare the range at Trafalgar.

² Nelson attacked in two columns.



JAPANESE CAPTAIN

THE PROGRESS TO HISTORY

Japan was ready for negotiations. A meeting was arranged at Portsmouth in the United States, and after three weeks a treaty of peace was signed, Japan retaining what she had won, but to the surprise of the world giving up any claim for an indemnity.

PROGRESS AND PREPARATION

You may reasonably ask me whether the nations of the world did anything else but fight and slaughter each other between 1815 and 1915, for this book is a long record of quarrels relieved by the pluck and heroism of those who took part in these struggles. Well, other things were being done in this period of a hundred years, and much progress was made in spite of the fighting, though again I feel rather ashamed to have to tell you that much of this so-called progress had to do with the invention of more terrible engines of war.

From about the year 1870 and onwards there was great activity among the nations in acquiring fresh knowledge of many kinds and in applying this knowledge to daily life so as to make it pleasanter, fuller, more varied, and on the whole more comfortable. We might sum this up by saying that it was

the Age of Science when search was made into all branches of knowledge, and the results were used in such a way that ordinary life was completely changed.

One of the most remarkable changes was the advance in the knowledge of the power of that strange force which we call electricity, and the use made of this new knowledge in lighting, traction, the telegraph, and the telephone. This alone has caused a complete revolution in modern life, while the use of wireless telegraphy has brought together the very ends of the earth; and the electrical scientist promises still more wonders in the near future, though he has done so much that we have ceased to be astonished at anything which may be announced.

The chemist also has been very busy, with results which are felt in many departments of modern life. One of these is agriculture, and the scientist in his laboratory has taught the farmer in the field how to make the best of his land and get every possible ounce of sustenance out of it. The botanist, too, has come to the help of the planter, and the scientific study of a single product like the cocoa-nut, to take only one example, has opened out new sources of food-supply which were undreamt of twenty years ago. Another way in which the chemist has helped the workers is in the production of a "fine

the following two extracts in proof of this last assertion :

*Extract from General Baker's Telegram describing his
Defeat at El-Teb, February 5, 1884.*

Marched yesterday morning with 3 50° towards Tokar.
. . . On square being only threatened by small force of
enemy, certainly less than a thousand strong, Egyptian
troops threw down their arms and ran, allowing themselves
to be killed without slightest resistance. More than two
thousand killed. All material lost.

*Extract from Colonel Holled-Smith's Report, describing
his Victory of Afafit, February 19, 1891.*

The main body of the dervishes were fifty yards from
our front line and were extending to the right and left to
envelop the position. The bulk of their force was directed
against the line occupied by the 12th battalion, their attack
being pushed home with their usual intrepidity and fearlessness.
The troops, however, stood their ground, and did not
yield one inch throughout the line.

Now this was not the first time that British
officers had trained the troops under them to be
brave and fearless, but the change wrought in so
short a time in these Egyptian troops is typical of
the new spirit in the British army which was deter-
mined to keep well abreast of the new requirements
in efficiency ; and the work of the leaders in the
movement, such men as Roberts, Kitchener, and

French, bore fruit in the preliminary test of the South African War and the later supreme trial of the war with Germany which began in 1914. The splendid work done by the British army in Flanders was largely the result of the new spirit which had been fostered by the wisest leaders long before there was any thought of fighting.

The scientific spirit made its presence felt also in the Royal Navy, which adopted the latest appliances of the naval engineer and learnt to fight at long range and under conditions of machinery which would have made the captains of Nelson's time rub their eyes in astonishment ; and this change was made without any lessening of the personal bravery and resource upon which the result of an action must always ultimately depend.

Of course the application of science to modern warfare has made the conditions of fighting so severe a strain upon the human nerves that many fighters have been literally driven out of their minds by the mere sights and sounds of the battle ; and to those who have been wounded death has often come as a messenger of peace. But we must set against this the fact that the science of the doctor and the surgeon and the Red Cross nurse has made the lot of the wounded infinitely better than it was in the time of Florence Nightingale, to whose work *after*

the Crimean War many of the nursing improvements are due. The use of chloroform and other anaesthetics, as well as the antiseptic surgical methods with which the name of Lord Lister is associated, have been some of the results of scientific work in the medical profession which have been of untold value. By the employment of the X-rays, too, the surgeon can often shorten the period of pain or sometimes prove that the use of the knife is not necessary. I could go on telling you much more about the wonders of modern medicine and surgery which have brightened many lives and saved many others in times of peace as well as in times of war. There is no disease so vile and deadly which our heroic doctors do not try not only to heal but to prevent ; for one of the finest parts of the work of up-to-date medical men is that which, like inoculation for typhoid, is preventive in its character.

It is in this spirit of prevention, too, that the modern health officer works in our towns and country districts, using the knowledge gained by the scientist in the matters of water-supply, hospital work, and the prevention of the spread of contagion or infection. These officers have also certain very necessary powers with regard to the adulteration of food and the purity of milk ; for while, as I have tried to show you in this chapter, we owe much to science in our

daily lives, science has also taught certain people a great many unworthy tricks for enriching themselves at the expense of those who purchase their goods.

THE "CONCERT OF EUROPE" AND THE BALKAN STATES

THE nineteenth century became familiar with the expression "the Concert of Europe"! The term was generally taken to mean an agreement among the Great Powers of the Continent to restrain the constant disorders of the Balkan Peninsula and the Eastern Mediterranean. These disorders were due to two facts: first, that Mohammedan Turkey kept more or less control over certain Christian countries, namely, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Serbia; second, that though these states were all against their "overlord," they were equally against one another. It was felt that the continual unrest in this quarter of the Continent was a constant menace to the peace of Europe and of the world; and the efforts of the leading statesmen among the Great Powers were directed more or less sincerely towards the settlement of any quarrels that might arise. And it is interesting to note that it was a quarrel

between one of these states, namely Serbia, and Austria-Hungary which was the immediate cause of the outbreak of war in 1914.

The Concert had failed to prevent the Crimean War, the Russo-Turkish War, and the war between Turkey and Greece in 1897, all of which I have already dealt with, while the Turkish province of Egypt had been badly misruled in spite of the agreement of the Powers; and, as we have seen, this province had gradually passed under the control of Britain to the exclusion of the other members of the Concert. Nor did the Powers find themselves able to check the Balkan War which broke out in September 1913, and which was really the prelude to the final break-up of the Concert which came about in 1914. Let us see what effect this Balkan War had upon the general fortunes of Europe, and upon the position of the Balkan States, each of which, of course, aims at separate and complete independence.

In the autumn of the year 1908 Bulgaria had declared her independence of Turkey and was recognised by the Powers as a free state under the king of the Bulgarians. These people are of mixed race, but are for the most part Slavs, that is, of the same race as the Russians who supported them in their desire for freedom from Turkey, and trained their army to achieve that end. The Bulgarian

language is also closely allied to that of Russia and is written in the same characters, which appear very strange to us. In September of 1912 Bulgaria, allied with Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro, commenced war on Turkey, and the result of this struggle, which lasted for about eight months, was that Turkey was forced to give up to the Allies all its European territory west of a line drawn from Midia on the Black Sea to Enos on the Ægean, as well as the island of Crete. A glance at the map will show that this rearrangement left to Turkey a very small territory in Europe, practically little more than the northern coast region of the Sea of Marmora.

Having obtained this valuable spoil at the expense of the Sultan, the Allies fell out among themselves about the manner of sharing it, and in the summer of 1913 war broke out once more. This short struggle is known as the Second Balkan War, and Rumania also took part in it in an effort to compose the differences between the Allies as well as to gain something for herself. At the end of the six weeks' fighting the Treaty of Bukarest was signed between Bulgaria, on the one hand, and Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro on the other. By this arrangement, Bulgaria gained a good slice of territory which increased her coast on the Black Sea and gave her access to the Ægean as well.

Greece also extended her territory to the north and north-east at the expense of her old master, Turkey, and gained in addition the large island of Crete. Serbia almost doubled her original area, the extension of territory being towards the south. But it was a matter for soreness to her that Austria-Hungary had in 1908 definitely taken under her sovereignty the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the administration of which had been assumed, with the consent of the other Great Powers, about thirty years before. The people of these provinces are mostly Serbians; and the capital of Bosnia is Serajevo, a town of about 50,000 inhabitants, lying in the south-east corner of this rocky land—a little place destined to become very famous in history, as we shall see.

In the war with Turkey Serbian troops and leaders had greatly distinguished themselves, and the territory won towards the south was really gained by hard and skilful fighting. The Serbian army under General Stephanovitch surprised the Turks in the mountains of Macedonia, and after a seven hours' battle utterly routed them and captured a large number of guns as well as other war material. The pursuit of the retreating Turks was carried out so effectively that the Serbians entered Uskub, their old historic capital, and the Turks fell back in dis-

order upon Monastir, which was captured later with the help of the Bulgarians. All this was done in about three weeks, and the Turkish flag had now disappeared from Macedonia. In the Second Balkan War Serbia had also acquitted herself very creditably against Bulgaria. With such success to her credit, it is not surprising that the Serbs should take fresh heart, as a nation, and be very unwilling to submit to domination, even by one of the Great Powers of Europe.

Meanwhile Turkey had been unable to send her Asiatic troops into Macedonia, chiefly because the Greek warships had been able to gain the superiority in the *Ægean* Sea. Only one attempt was made by the Turks to engage her fleet when a cruiser slipped out of the Dardanelles in a fog, bombarded Syra, sank a Greek cruiser, made a few prizes, and escaped to the Red Sea. Then the fleet came out in force but was met by the Greek ships, and after a four hours' running fight was driven back into the Dardanelles, but in such a crippled state that it took no further part in the war.

The interesting little mountain kingdom of Montenegro also obtained a good slice of new territory as a result of all this fighting. The Montenegrins belong to the Slav race, and they were the only people of the Balkan Peninsula whom the Turks were



SETTLED

DAME EUROPA. "You've always been the most troublesome boy in the school. Now go and consolidate yourself."

TRAIT. "I'm sure, ma'am, what does that mean?"

DAME EUROPA. "It means going into that corner—and stopping there."
(Punch, April 6, 1913)

Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of Punch

never able to conquer. Living in small villages among inaccessible mountains, they developed into a race of sturdy independent warriors who carried on a persistent guerilla warfare against the Turks. They belong mostly to the Greek Church, and as a consequence Russian influence has always been considerable in this little kingdom.

We see, then, in these wars and continual unrest an effort on the part of several comparatively small states to (1) drive out Turkey and (2) to realise their own separate independence. We also see that, owing to ties of race and religion and to help given against the Turks, Russia had obtained a great deal of influence among the Balkan States, while Austria had earned the bitter hatred of Serbia and Montenegro, a hatred based upon difference of race and interests; for it was the ambition of both these small kingdoms to obtain an outlet upon the Adriatic Sea, and this desire had been thwarted by the definite occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria.

This action on the part of Austria was destined to have world-wide effects, and I have tried to make its importance very clear to you. "When Austria definitely annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina," writes the historian, "the Serbs were in no temper to acquiesce quietly in the inevitable. They protested and brought on themselves the anger of Austria, and

for many weeks war seemed to be probable. The army was hurriedly prepared for the worst ; munitions were accumulated, and the whole nation steeled itself for what would have been, if it had come then, a life and death struggle. In this hour of peril the modern Serbian army was created, and peace, when it was at length assured, was so manifestly provisional that the stimulus continued to work."

Our next chapter will show why I have dwelt so much upon Serbia and her army—upon the fortunes of a country about the size of Ireland and with an army of about 362,000 of all ranks before the outbreak of the Great War.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WORLD WAR

ON Sunday the 28th of June 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, accompanied by his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, visited the city of Serajevo to inspect the Austrian troops. On the way to the parade ground a bomb was thrown at the royal motor-car, fell on the hood, and was thrown by the Archduke into the street, where it exploded, wounding several persons. The man who had thrown it, a printer from a town in Herzegovina, was arrested.

The party went on to the Town Hall, and after receiving an address of welcome the Archduke set out on his drive through the city in spite of efforts to dissuade him on the part of the civic authorities and his wife. In a narrow part of the streets a second bomb was thrown, which did not explode, and the thrower, a Bosnian student, then ran forward and fired three shots from a pistol. The Archduke was struck in the neck and his wife was wounded in the body while making an effort to shield her husband. The royal pair were taken to a hospital, but within an hour both had passed away.

On the 23rd of July the Austrian Government presented a Note to Serbia, which was regarded as the instigator of the outrage, demanding reparation and assurances for the future. The Serbian Government was given forty-eight hours to reply, and as the demands of Austria were of such a character that they threatened the independence of the smaller kingdom, Serbia appealed to Russia for advice and support. She was advised to accept all the Austrian demands except two, and on these points to appeal to the Hague tribunal.¹ Her reply

¹ In 1899 an international convention met at the Hague in the Netherlands, on the invitation of the Tsar of Russia, "to consider means of insuring the general peace of the world and of putting a limit to the progressive increase of armaments which weigh upon all nations." The result of the meeting was the setting up of a Court of Arbitration to which all nations were to have recourse for the settlement of disputes.



DROPPING THE PILOT.

(*Punch*, March 29 1890.)

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in these terms was considered unsatisfactory by Austria, and on Saturday evening, the 25th of July, the Austrian Minister with his staff left Belgrade.

On the following day Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, approached Germany, France, and Italy with a view to calling a conference in London to mediate in the Austro-Serbian quarrel. Germany declined, on the ground that Russia and Austria were at that moment reported to be exchanging views on the matter in dispute. Next morning Austria declared war on Serbia. Serbian vessels were seized on the Danube, and in a few hours a bombardment of Belgrade was commenced. Belgium ordered a mobilisation of her army. Germany recalled her High Sea Fleet, and in the British fleet, then mobilised for manœuvres, preparations were made for anything which might occur. Russia also took the first steps towards mobilising her southern forces.

At midnight a German war council was held at Potsdam under the presidency of the Kaiser, and when it was over the German Chancellor, Herr von Bethman-Hollweg, sent for the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, and made certain proposals with the object of ensuring that Great Britain should remain neutral. The British Ambassador reported these proposals in the following terms :

" Provided that the neutrality of Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given to the British Government that the Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France should they prove victorious in any war that might ensue. I questioned his Excellency about the French colonies, and he said he was unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect. As regards Holland, however, his Excellency said that, so long as Germany's adversaries respected the integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany would give an assurance to do likewise. It depended upon the action of France what operations Germany might be forced to enter upon in Belgium, but *when the war was over* Belgian neutrality would be respected if she had not sided against Germany."

Meanwhile the Russian Government had warned our Ambassador in Petrograd that a general war could only be avoided if Britain took her stand with France and Russia, and matters had advanced so far that Sir Edward Grey was able to inform the German Ambassador that his Government did not intend to stand aside; but he again made efforts to get together a new meeting of the representatives of the Powers, hoping against hope that the great

calamity which threatened might be averted. His efforts were unsuccessful, and the Kaiser declared a state of war in Germany, and gave the order for a general mobilisation of his troops. This was followed on the 1st of August by a declaration of war upon Russia, which had been given an ultimatum requiring immediate demobilisation.

On Monday the 3rd of August, Sir Edward Grey explained to the House of Commons the various events which had taken place, and described his efforts for the preservation of peace. He told how we were bound by treaty to uphold the neutrality of Belgium, and that his Government had given assurances to France that in case of need her coasts would be protected by the British fleet. On the following day an ultimatum was sent to Germany demanding an assurance that the neutrality of Belgium would be respected, asking for a reply before midnight, and instructing the British Ambassador to return home if it were not received. The reply given by the German Secretary of State was to the effect that German troops had already crossed the Belgian frontier, because, as he said, "they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way so as to get well ahead with their operations, and endeavour to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life

and death for them, as if they had gone by the more southern route they could not have hoped, in view of the scarcity of roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition entailing great loss of time."

Even at that late stage the British Ambassador asked that the advance into Belgium might be stopped, and war even yet averted, and with this in mind went to see the Imperial Chancellor.

"I found the Chancellor much agitated," runs his report. "His Excellency at once began a harangue which lasted about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by His Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war-time had been so often disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. All his efforts in that direction had been rendered useless by this last terrible step.

"What we had done was unthinkable; it was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants. He held Great Britain responsible for all the terrible events that might happen. I protested strongly against that statement, and said that if it was a matter of life and death for Germany to advance through Belgium,

it was, so to speak, a matter of 'life and death' for the honour of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked.

"The Chancellor said, 'But at what price will that compact have been kept? Has the British Government thought of that?'

"I hinted to his Excellency as plainly as I could that fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements, but his Excellency was so excited, so evidently overcome by the news of our action, and so little disposed to hear reason, that I refrained from adding fuel to the flame by further argument."

The British Ambassador was given his passports before the time of the ultimatum had expired, and within an hour the London newspaper posters contained the momentous intelligence that the great war had begun.

This was on the evening of the 4th of August 1914, at 11 P.M. London time.

In a later speech in the German Reichstag the Imperial Chancellor said:

"We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. We were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxembourg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are

committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal is reached. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought—how he is to hack his way through."

We have wandered a long way from the tragedy at Serajevo.

FRANCE ¹

AMONG all the sorrows of this war there is one joy for us in it: that it has made us brothers with the French as no two nations have ever been brothers before. There has come to us, after ages of conflict, a kind of millennium of friendship; and in that we feel there is a hope for the world that outweighs all our fears, even at the height of the world-wide calamity. There were days and days, during the swift German advance, when we feared that the French armies were no match for the German, that Germany would be conquered on the seas and from her eastern frontier, that after the war France would remain a Power only through the support of her Allies. For that fear we must now ask forgiveness;

¹ Reprinted by permission from the *Times Literary Supplement* for Oct. 1914 with the concurrence of Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., publishers of *Thoughts on the War*, in which the essay also appears

but at least we can plead in excuse that it was unselfish and free from all national vanity. If, in spite of ultimate victory, France had lost her high place among the nations, we should have felt that the victory itself was an irreparable loss for the world. And now we may speak frankly of that fear, because, however unfounded it was, it reveals the nature of the friendship between France and England.

That is also revealed in the praise which the French have given to our Army. There is no people that can praise as they can ; for they enjoy praising others as much as some nations enjoy praising themselves, and they lose all the reserve of egotism in the pleasure of praising well. But in this case they have praised so generously because there was a great kindliness behind their praise, because they, like us, feel that this war means a new brotherhood stronger than all the hatreds it may provoke, a brotherhood not only of war but of the peace that is to come after it. That welcome of English soldiers in the villages of France, with food and wine and flowers, is only a foretaste of what is to be in both countries in a happier time. It is what we have desired in the past of silly wrangles and misunderstandings, and now we know that our desire is fulfilled.

For behind all those misunderstandings, and in spite of the differences of character between us, there was always an understanding which showed itself in the courtesies of Fontenoy and a hundred other battles. When Sir Philip Sidney spoke of France as "that sweet enemy," he made a phrase for the English feeling of centuries past and centuries to be. We quarrelled bitterly and long, but it was like a man and woman who know that some day their love will be confessed and are angry with each other for the quarrels that delay the confession. We called each other ridiculous, and knew that we were talking nonsense; indeed, as in all quarrels without real hatred, we made charges against each other that were the opposite of the truth. We said that the French were frivolous; and they said that we were gloomy. Now they see the gaiety of our soldiers, and we see the deep seriousness of all France at this crisis of her fate. She, of all the nations at war, is fighting with the least help from illusion, with the least sense of glory and romance. To her the German invasion is like a pestilence; to defeat it is merely a necessity of her existence; and in defeating it she is showing the courage of doctors and nurses, that courage which is furthest removed from animal instinct and most secure from panic reaction. There is no sign in France now of the

passionate hopes of the revolutionary wars ; 1870 is between them and her ; she has learnt, like no other nation in Europe, the great lesson of defeat, which is not to mix material dreams with spiritual ; she has passed beyond illusions, yet her spirit is as high as if it were drunk with all the illusions of Germany. . . .

This quarrel, as even the Germans confess, was not made by her. She saw it gathering, and she was as quiet as if she hoped to escape war by submission. The chance of revenge was offered as it had never been offered in forty years ; yet she did not stir to grasp it. Her enemy gave every provocation, yet she stayed as still as if she were spiritless ; and all the while she was the proudest nation on the earth, so proud that she did not need to threaten or boast. Then came the first failure, and she took it as if she had expected nothing better. She had to make war in a manner wholly contrary to her nature and genius, and she made it as if patience, not fire, were the main strength of her soul. Yet behind the new patience the old fire persisted ; and the *furia francese* is only waiting for its chance. The Germans believe that they have determined all the conditions of modern war, and, indeed, of all modern competition between the nations, to suit their own national character. It is their age, they think, an age in which the qualities of the old peoples,

England and France, are obsolete. They make war, after their own pattern, and we have only to suffer it as long as we can. But France has learnt what she needs from Germany so that she may fight the German idea as well as the German armies ; and when the German armies were checked before Paris there was an equal check to the German idea. Then the world, which was holding its breath, knew that the old nations, the old faith and mind and conscience of Europe, were still standing fast and that science had not utterly betrayed them all to the new barbarism. Twice before, at Tours and in the Catalaunan fields, there has been such a fight upon the soil of France, and now for the third time it is the heavy fate and the glory of France to be the guardian nation. That is not an accident, for France is still the chief treasury of all that these conscious barbarians would destroy. They know that while she stands unbroken there is a spirit in her that will make their Kultur seem unlovely to all the world. They know that in her, as in Athens long ago, thought remains passionate and disinterested and free. Their thought is German and exercised for German ends, like their Army ; but hers can forget France in the universe, and for that reason her armies and ours will fight for it as if the universe were at stake.

Whatever wounds she suffers now she is suffering for all mankind; and now, more than ever before in her history, are those words become true which one poet who loved her gave to her in the Litany of Nations crying to the earth :

I am she that was thy sign and standard-bearer,
Thy voice and cry ;
She that washed thee with her blood and left thee fairer,
The same am I.
Are not these the hands that raised thee fallen and fed thee,
These hands defiled ?
Am not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye that led thee,
Not I thy child ?

THE END

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